NATIONAL REVIEW

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November 4, 1961

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

What Is Civilian Supremacy?

AN EDITORIAL

Brothers Under the Skin

OTTO VON HABSBURG

The Deserted Tillage

COLM BROGAN

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . ALICE-LEONE MOATS
WILL HERBERG · RUSSELL KIRK · WILLIAM A. RUSHER
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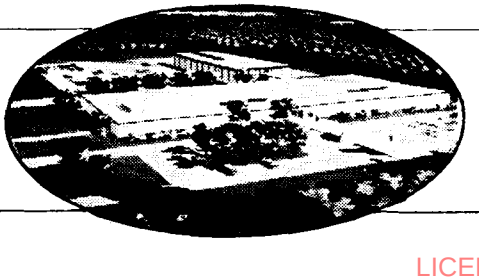

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ We feature an analysis by **Otto von Habsburg** of the conservative tendency to consider that labor unions are organically opposed to freedom. The Archduke's argument carries forward those of Mr. Arnold Beichman in the October 7 issue, and we hope to have forwarded the impulse to look introspectively into the question whether conservatives, outraged as they have every reason to be by the many excesses of the labor unions, have talked themselves into just plain anti-unionism. The Archduke is of course pretender to the thrones of Austria-Hungary. He is a brilliantly educated man of enormous intellect and prodigious talents, and is in this country lecturing at this moment. . . . As is, incidentally, his subject, **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn,** the charming and polished political philosopher who writes this week about the German elections. Mr. K-L, a monarchist, has thus far on this trip survived audiences in Harvard, Williams and Princeton, where, after his talks, he was enthusiastically applauded. Forty-five lectures more to make, and then home, via Japan, where he will also lecture. In Japanese, needless to say.

➔ **Colm Brogan** writes about the effect of welfarism on the habits of Englishmen. He does so with the coolness and irony which make him among the most readable of English writers. . . . **Will Herberg** says NATIONAL REVIEW and *America* were both off base in re *Mater et Magistra.* We can take the punishment. Can *America*? . . . **Russell Kirk** discovers that Edmund Burke has reached Austria, and that the results are likely to be sensational. . . . **Victor Gold,** an account executive with a Washington public relations firm, was previously on the staff of the *Birmingham News.* He took his law degree in 1951 at the University of Alabama.

➔ **Alice-Leone Moats** writes about Mr. Herbert Matthews' most recent book-length insistence that Fidelito is really an anti-Communist idealist. Miss Moats, who deals kindly with Mr. Matthews' stupendous innocence in failing to see the realities, is too modest to note that in 1957 she spotted Castro as most probably a Communist —at any rate, as someone we should not support until we knew a lot more. The article in question she wrote in a magazine we in turn are too modest to mention. . . . **William Rusher** is also out of town lecturing, but managed, before going, to make a capitulation to Mrs. Roosevelt, whose fourth autobiography he reviews. "Today," he concludes, Mrs. Roosevelt "orbits beyond the reach of the merely rational." . . . **Guy Davenport** analyzes two extraordinary fruits of the ancestral tree that stretches back through Oswald Spengler to Friedrich Nietzsche: Thomas Mann's *The Story of a Novel* and Kurt Marek's reflections on the decline of the West, *Yestermorrow: Notes on Man's Progress.* . . . **Francis Russell** considers the talents of Swedish movie director Ingmar Bergman, by reviewing an early film, *Secrets of Women.* ➔

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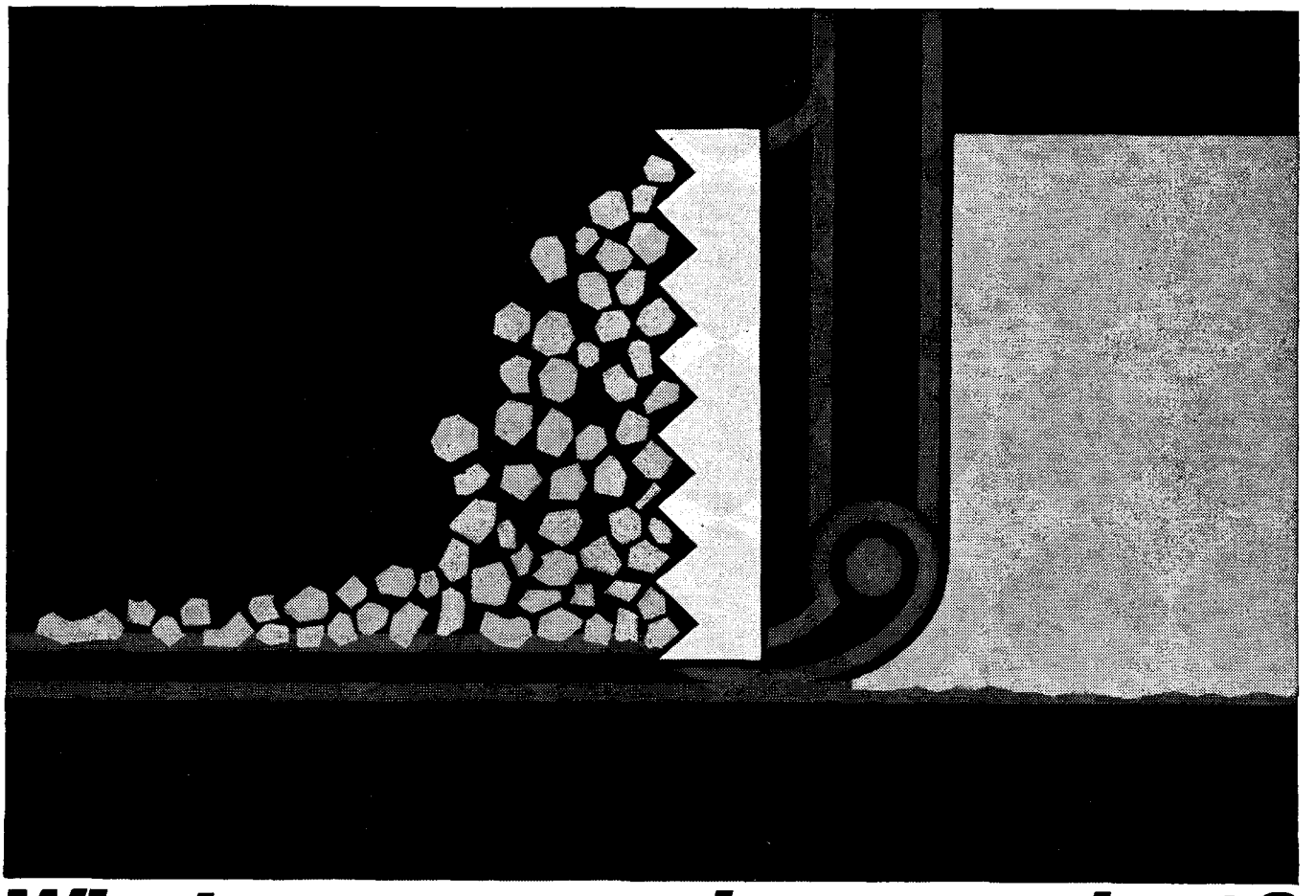

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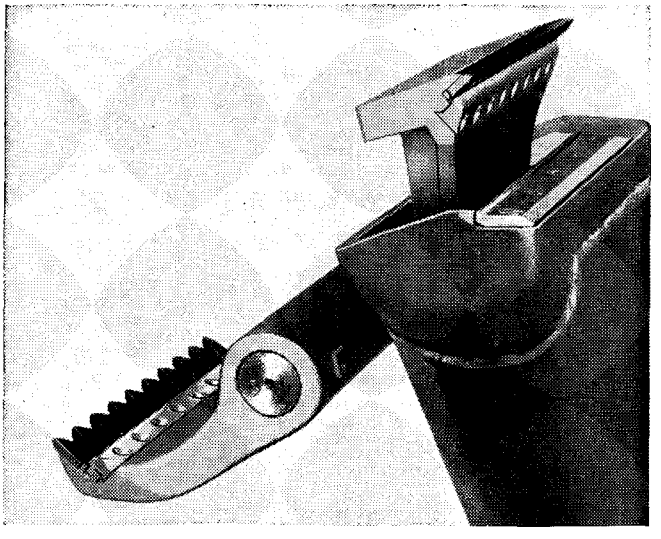

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The WEEK

● Nelson Rockefeller says he doesn't think that anybody is unbeatable. If he was referring to Kennedy in 1964, it may explain why the President wants a law authorizing federal contributions to political campaigns. After all, when you match a poor boy against a rich boy, everybody knows what usually happens.

● Memo to an illiterate camel-driver: Friend, you have been abused. Good men who have felt the lash of Lyndon Johnson's corral-bred tongue will tell you stories you didn't hear down on the ranch. Good men who have asked the Vice President to give his views on questions he doesn't care to answer will describe a type of hospitality you didn't encounter in your tour of Washington at the side of the Second Lady. Patriots who wonder whether our country will drop into the gutter of history wearing top hat and tails and muttering phrases of high rhetoric, will tell you that the Great Badsha Kennedy wasted his time the other day chit-chatting with an illiterate international Judas goat: that the Soviet thrust in Berlin will not be met by popularity in the bazaars of Pakistan. Put that in your hookah and smoke it, friend.

● An interesting sidelight on the case of Irvin Scarbeck (the American Embassy aide in Warsaw who handled dolls and documents with equal abandon) has been cast by the testimony of Kenneth W. Knauf, State Department security officer. Scarbeck's compromising romance with a Polish mistress who turned out to be also a Polish spy was known, says Knauf, to several of his colleagues long before the case broke: Susie Rule, in the travel section of the U.S. Consulate in Frankfurt; Mike Dytel and Alfred Zachwiej in the U.S. Embassy in Warsaw; and two unnamed girls also in the Embassy at Warsaw. Knauf thinks they should have spoken up but his superiors have "overruled" him on this point. Why, one wonders? Most probable explanation: because they have been so brainwashed by leftist propaganda on the subjects of "informers" and "stool pigeons" that they can no longer distinguish their sworn duty to the national security from malicious gossip.

● According to Taipei's *China News*, Mr. Wesley C. Haraldson, director of the China Mission of the International Cooperation Administration (a U.S. government agency), delivered an impromptu talk on October 2 before the Junior Chamber of Commerce in Taipei. He took note of Free China's expanding economy but expressed concern that a dwindling portion of domestic investment was financed by domestic savings; that imports were rising faster than exports; that domestic consumption was too high; and that U.S. aid would decline in the future. He recommended (hang on, now): 1) a sound monetary policy; 2) hard work; 3) more efficient production methods; and 4) personal as well as governmental thrift. If Mr. Haraldson insists on such inflammatory public assaults on Our National Policy, it's lucky for him he's not in uniform.

● COULDN'T HAVE SAID IT BETTER OURSELVES DEPARTMENT. "The Russian siege of Berlin continues," editorializes the *New York Times*. "No change for the better is evident as a result of President Kennedy's talk with Foreign Minister Gromyko."

● All praise to Congressman Donald C. Bruce (R., Indiana) in his effort to find out why the State Department canceled the visa of Michel Struelens, head of the Katanga Information Services in Washington and personal representative of Moise Tshombe, leader of the only orderly and pro-Western regime in the Congo. State Department says that it gave Struelens the heave-ho on September 26 because he "had been engaging in activities outside the clearly defined scope of the categories of the visa in his possession." But Justice Department tells Mr. Bruce, on October 13, "At this time, I am not aware of any violations of law of which this department would have any cognizance by Mr. Struelens." Keep digging, Mr. Bruce: there's copper, uranium and cobalt in them thar hills.

● Democrats are beginning to fret that President Kennedy, though taking the stump for several sure-shot winners, won't campaign for his team in the tough contests—won't support Governor Meyner in New Jersey (against Mitchell, for whom Eisenhower has stumped), or Gonzales in San Antonio (against the blossoming conservative Republican movement in Texas, personified in this race by John Goode). Democrats should not be surprised that Mr. Kennedy avoids the difficult encounters, and seeks to preserve his prestige in canny withdrawal. It's merely the domestic application of his foreign policy.

● The latest Gallup Poll shows, among that half of American voters who can tell the difference: Conservative, 46 per cent; Liberal, 41 per cent; Undecided, 13 per cent. We've never had too much truck with these opinion surveys, but we're always ready to listen to reason.

● Dr. A. J. Lewis, Executive Secretary of the Greater Los Angeles Chapter of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, wanted to take a trip to Cuba. But the State Department won't let a man go unless he rep-

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resents the best interests of the United States or unless he is exempt from that requirement by virtue of being an accredited reporter. Dr. Lewis wasn't a reporter, but that was easy to cure. He joined the Los Angeles *Herald Dispatch* (a Negro newspaper with about 45,000 circulation). On returning from Cuba he addressed a meeting held September 22 at the First Unitarian Church (2936 West 8 Street, Los Angeles). "Columbus," said Dr. Lewis, "said Cuba was the most beautiful sight human eyes had ever seen. I've seen something he didn't see. The most beautiful social changes eyes have ever seen." There's widespread prosperity, little unemployment, absolute freedom, good humor, fine democracy, social justice. And "Cuba is the first free country in Latin America." Of course, none of the top men is a Communist. Well, NATIONAL REVIEW was thinking of sending a man to Havana, but Dr. Lewis has squashed that notion: no one around this shop could stand all that good humor.

● After the 30-megaton Soviet explosion the *Washington Post* donned its vestments and delivered a 100-megaton funeral oration. "Unnumbered hundreds of thousands . . . will die before their time. . . . Others will be born with infirmities that never would have been visited upon them. Yea, some born even a thousand years from now . . ." From all of which the *Post* concludes that we must find "new resolve that such blasphemy against creation not be repeated." Which means we won't test, while we cannot guarantee the Soviets won't, which means the Soviets will eventually attain nuclear supremacy, which guarantees a Soviet world. Yea, some born even a thousand years from now will weep, because the *Post* buried the wrong body.

● A campus conservative group hasn't arrived today until it has its own magazine. We ventured at press time to collect as many of these new journals as we could immediately lay our hands on. Among them: *The New Guard,* published for young people in and out of college by the Young Americans for Freedom. And, from the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, *The Individualist.* Others: *Insight and Outlook,* Conservative Club of the University of Wisconsin; *New Individualist Review,* University of Chicago ISI; *Analysis,* Eleutherian Society of the University of Pennsylvania; *The Entrepreneur,* Conservative Club of Grove City College; *Conservative Thunder,* students at Wayne State University in Michigan; the *Campus Conservative,* students from various Mississippi colleges; and the *Student Statesman,* students from various California campuses.

● The *New Republic* objects to the appointment of John A. McCone as the new Director of Central Intelligence on the grounds—hold your breath—that he "is the kind of man who hates Communism not because it has betrayed the revolution, but because he assumes it *is* the revolution." The Director of Central Intelligence should, that is to say, be a man who hates Communism because it has "betrayed" the lofty ideals of those gentle men Lenin and Trotsky, or if not theirs, those of that gentle man, Karl Marx: one, moreover, who does not hate Communism because it "*is*" the revolution; one, that is, who does not hate the revolution. Derned if it isn't happening to us all the time. Just as we have talked ourselves into believing at long last that the Liberals are against Communism, some Liberal spokesman has got to up and say something like *that,* and we're in the soup again.

● Mr. C. D. Jackson, vice president of Time, Inc., and publisher of *Life,* stood before 10,000 people in the Hollywood Bowl on October 16 and begged public pardon for the attack his magazine had printed against Dr. Fred C. Schwartz and his anti-Communist enterprise (see "Anatomy of a Smear," *NR,* Oct. 21, 1961—which hit the streets on Oct. 13). "Dr. Schwartz," said Mr. Jackson, "will be subject to oversimplified misinterpretation. Regretfully [regrettably?], my own magazine recently published an oversimplified misinterpretation. I believe we were wrong and I am profoundly sorry." It is not an oversimplified misinterpretation to felicitate Mr. Jackson on his manly recantation and wish him, and his colleagues in Luceness, many happy returns to common sense.

● The Democratic majority on the New York City Council has postponed all attempts to revise the city's Code of Ethics until after the present mayoralty election. Keep the campaign on a high level, hm?

Put the Poor Thing Out of Its Misery

The atmosphere at the United Nations on October 24, the sixteenth anniversary of its birth, was much closer to a funeral than a birthday. "We are witnessing the decline and fall of the United Nations. . . . It's our gloomiest day"—such, reported Joseph Newman in the *New York Herald Tribune,* was "the view expressed by a number of seasoned diplomats."

Cynicism mingled with the gloom. "One veteran [UN] diplomat whispered," Mr. Newman went on, " 'We will last only one or two more years.' His companion protested: 'You are being very pessimistic.' 'Not at all,' replied the first. 'I am being optimistic. If it lasts longer, it will be a catastrophe for humanity.' "

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Both the gloom and the cynicism were in order. On this birthday, UN members confronted the brutal Soviet super-megaton blast and the resulting approach of the largest cloud of radioactive fallout ever released over the world. They were not even able to pull themselves sufficiently together to pass a motion commenting on Khrushchev's birthday present. (Adlai Stevenson, as usual, was off the floor when the issue came up—in California, this time, giving an anniversary address on the UN, last, best hope of mankind.)

Isn't it about the moment for *us*—us Americans, that is, and our governors—to pull at least ourselves sufficiently together to see the UN for what it is, and to draw conclusions?

Either we throw the Communist nations out of the UN and transform it into an association and alliance of those nations that wish to live and develop in freedom, or we abolish the General Assembly and the Security Council and reduce the UN to a non-political international technical center. One or the other.

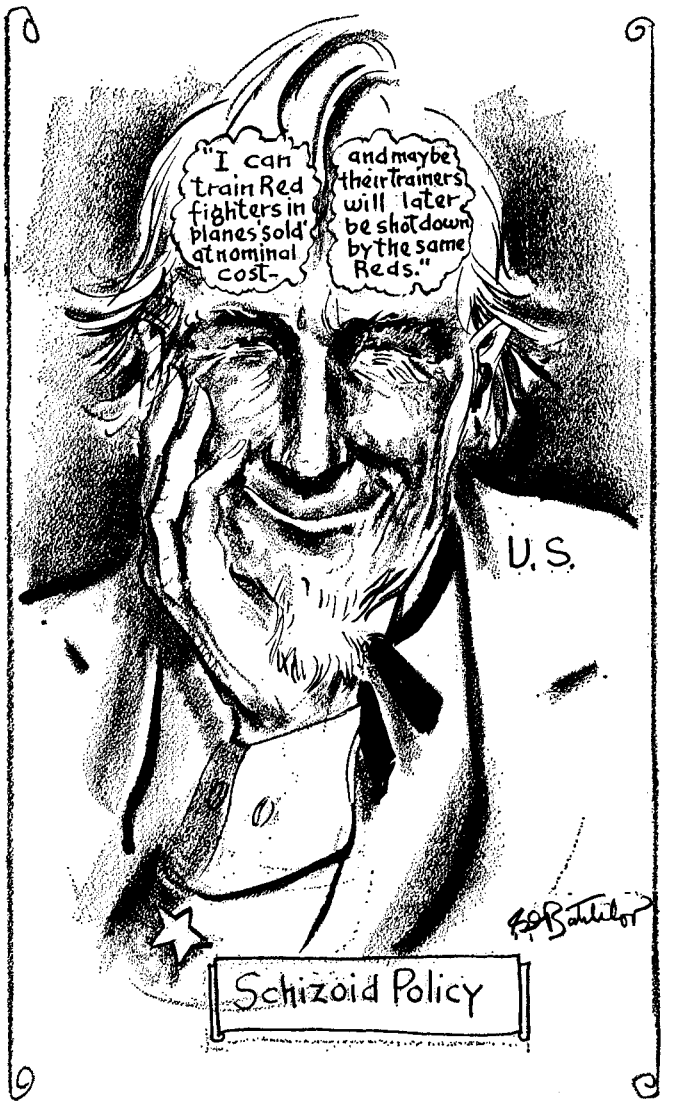
To prolong the present UN agony will further promote the confusion and chaos that are the aim and interest of our enemy.

Notes on the 22nd Congress

It is much too early to attempt an evaluation of the Twenty-Second Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. Except for the two-day, 50-megaton speech with which Khrushchev teed off, the sessions have been closed. The dispatches sent by the foreign correspondents have been based on leaks by delegates. Everyone knows by now, or ought to know, that a Communist leak, like any other Communist political move, is made according to deliberate plan. Part of the objective of the plan is, invariably, to deceive the enemy. And in general, the language Communists use is an esoteric mystery that can be unraveled, even by its adepts, only with the help of keys provided by acts.

By conjoining missile-rattling speeches to the actual nuclear explosions, the Congress takes its place in the psychological terror campaign by which the Kremlin has already broken the will of the neutralists and is trying to maneuver the NATO powers into full-blown appeasement. The fact that news of the explosions and much of the nuclear talk are still kept from the general Iron Curtained public proves, if necessary, that the Kremlin does not trust its own subjects, even fears what their response might be.

The admissions of numerous speakers, and still more the implications of Khrushchev's stale and vacuous pie-in-the-sky blueprint confirm in their own way what has been known or suspected about the troubles of the Soviet economy. Except in some parts


"I can train Red fighters in planes sold at nominal cost-
and maybe their trainers will later be shot down by the same Reds."
U.S.
Schizoid Policy

of the armament industry and in petroleum extraction, things are plainly not going at all well. Agriculture, as always, is the Achilles heel, and the Virgin Land program—particularly associated with Khrushchev himself—has been a flop from start to finish. The figure for electrical production is relatively so low—especially when we allow for the power needed for nuclear and other arms production—that it is of itself enough to show the shabby condition of the consumer economy. Housing, roads, clothing, consumer durables . . . There must have been an infinite cynicism behind most of the 6,000 carefully masked faces turned toward Khrushchev as he outlined his banal utopia.

But the most piquant morsels—they will be long chewed on by the professional Kremlinologists—have been ladled from the Albanian pot. It is delicious to have so much of the dynamics of the world-shaking Communist enterprise revolve around, of all places, tiny, primitive, impoverished Albania! But of course it is not really Albania that is the focal cen-

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What Is Civilian Supremacy?

In the continuing aftermath of the General Walker case, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara issued, 5 October, a new ukase on talking by the military. It can be summed up in the old Academy phrase: "Button up your lip, Mister!" From now on an officer who wants to say anything to a wider public than his wife and pre-literate babies had better stick to the text of his service manual and quotations from the President—safer still, from the latest Presidential declaration: you might end up in the guard house if you went back to certain passages of the Inaugural or the March address on Laos. As for seminars, institutes, and other semi-public talking enterprises, you'll be well advised to leave that sort of thing to the Browning Society and the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee.

All this muzzling is applied under the rubric of "civilian supremacy" over the military arm in the American system. Now we're willing to go along (for a while more at any rate) with the doctrine of civilian supremacy. And no one thinks that it would be good for the country if our officers on active duty spent the bulk of their time rushing around to denounce our national policy and magistrates at every street corner.

But after a good deal of reflection since the Walker case first broke, we find that our minds are far from clear about exactly what "civilian supremacy" means, in law and custom, and we don't think our perplexity on this score is unique. All of us, from the White House on down, not excepting Senator Fulbright, might do well to think this matter through before we end up with a robotized military establishment and a "civilian supremacy" evolved into "Executive totalitarianism."

Minds in Uniform?

Civilian supremacy and the command principle mean, everyone grants—or did, until the Nuremberg Trials confused even this point—that the civilian President is commander-in-chief, and that a soldier is supposed to follow the orders of his superior officer, whether it's peeling potatoes or heading into enemy fire. What else do they mean? Surely not that a soldier must *think* on all subjects like his superior. That he must *talk* only the way his superior wants him to talk?

The other day we listened to a fellow, knowledgeable in constitutional and military law, who insisted that at a formal court martial, run according to the book, General Walker could be convicted on one —relatively minor—charge only, and possibly not even on that: of having acted to influence *votes* by recommending, in an official document, the Americans for Constitutional Action "scoreboard" on candidates. According to our friend, nothing else General Walker did—even on the most lurid rendition—was properly actionable.

Is it a violation of civilian supremacy for an officer to say, on a non-duty occasion, that Eleanor Roosevelt has supported leftist causes and belonged to some Communist fronts? Why? Mrs. Roosevelt is not in the line of command, or an operative official of the U.S. Government. Would it be all right to say that Mrs. R. had *never* supported leftist causes or joined fronts? That would be false, of course, but since they are logical contradictories you would think that one or the other of these statements ought to be permissible. How about Joe Doakes? May one say that *he* has—or has not—joined fronts?

Is it wrong for officers to say that international Communism is trying to conquer the world? It must be thought wrong by Secretary McNamara, since his subordinates red-pencil that proposition out of officers' speeches and articles. Would it be OK with the Secretary if the officers said that Communism is *not* trying to conquer the world? Would that satisfy civilian supremacy?

Limits of the Military Mission

Mr. McNamara's new orders specify that officers, if they ever are able to make a speech in public that fulfills all regulations, must talk only about "subjects within the cognizance of the Department." One wonders, first, why? Why shouldn't they talk about anything they feel like, assuming they stay outside the bounds of subversion, disloyalty, obscenity, fraud and gross disrespect? But, even if the restriction is justified, just what matters *are* within the cognizance of the Defense Department? Are we to understand that the strategy of world Communism, types of Communist operation, international conflicts and crises, the fate of world-strategic bases, the control of cobalt in Katanga, and for that matter the spread of domestic pacifism, have nothing to do with the mission of the military?

What about the precedents in our national history? We have never had a "military party"—and that, it is agreed, would be incompatible with civilian supremacy—but we have had a good many military men—Andrew Jackson, Edward McClellan, Ulysses S. Grant are among those who come at once to mind —who never hesitated to speak their minds for what they believed to be their country's good.

We won't pretend that these problems are easy, or that we have thought them all the way through. But we don't know who else has either. This is a front to which we intend, from several quarters, to return.

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ter. Nor is it, in spite of the Kremlinologists, China either, except indirectly.

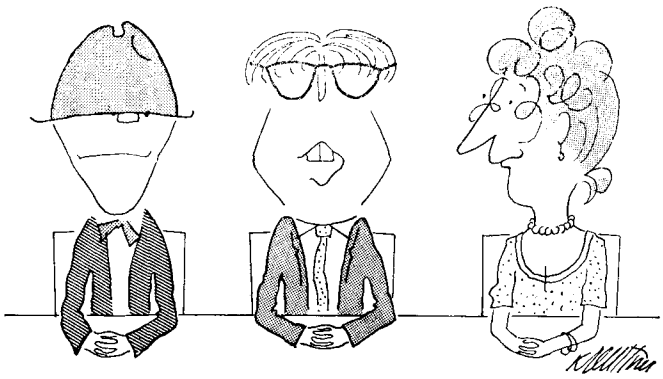
It should not be forgotten that this is the Congress of the Soviet Communist Party, vanguard of the vanguard of the Revolution. The other parties are present in an invited and secondary capacity. In this respect, the present Congress is like the twenty-one before it, and we may be instructed by the precedents they furnish.

Plainly there is some ferment *within the Communist apparatus*, some dissatisfaction with Khrushchev's regime, and potential opposition. It is probable, if we may judge by the past, that this potential opposition centers within the Soviet party itself, and that some non-Soviet Communists tend toward it in the course of the factional struggle for power that is continuous in the history of Communism. We have no reason to believe that the issues are predominantly "national," or even in the first instance "ideological." In internal Communist history, ideology is usually the tool of the struggle for power, not vice versa. The presently reigning Bolshevik, Khrushchev, portrays his "correct line" ("peaceful coexistence") just as his predecessors did: as the dialectical forward thrust in contrast to the right-wing heresy of "opportunism" ("revisionism," "bourgeois nationalism") and the left-wing heresy of "sectarianism" ("adventurism," "dogmatism," "personality cult"). Now that Communism rules in many countries, it is convenient to label the two heresies with "foreign" titles: Tito for the first; Hoxha for the second.

But the conflict is real. Its existence proves that Khrushchev has not yet achieved unchallenged mastery; he has not yet become Stalin or Ivan the Terrible. And he will not feel secure unless he does, for he knows that if he cannot become Stalin and Ivan, he may be pushed aside by another who can.

The Case of Jozef Gazdowicz

On July 28, in Rochester, as he was going to work, Jozef Gazdowicz (pronounced Gaz-do-vitch) was arrested by the United States Marshal on charges brought by the Communist Polish People's Republic in extradition proceedings. The charges arose from testimony allegedly given in the trial (in Poland) of his younger brother, Jan, in April of 1958—implicating both Jan and Jozef in such crimes as murder, burglary and robbery during the period from August 1947 to June 1952. Jan had been in a Communist prison for thirteen months before trial. Of the almost forty witnesses called, he was the only one to testify against his brother. All the evidence of the trial was ordered destroyed by the Communist court. Jan is now serving a fifteen-year sentence. Jozef categorically denies the charges.



"As three ardent supporters of the New Frontier, we want to say that the groundswell for the Right to Incite, Aid to Affluent Areas, Payments for Not Plowing the Long Furrow, Move to Block Investigation of Walter Lippmann, Progress Toward the Monolithic School Curriculum with Federally Elongated Coffee Breaks for Teachers who Hate Children, and the bolstering, arming and enriching of our potential enemies, is not only heartening but almost detectable!"

Jozef, now 35, fought in the Resistance during the German occupation of Poland. After the Soviet "liberation" he worked in a unit of the anti-Communist but then still legal Polish Peasants' Party. After the rigged elections of 1947 his father, a County Chairman of the Polish Peasants' Party, was arrested and brutally beaten. Then his brother Jan was arrested and tortured. Jozef's father urged him to go into hiding. For six years Jozef kept clear of the Secret Police, working as a day laborer and farm hand, and for one and a half years he lived in a hole under the floor of a stable. Then in September 1953 he suffered an attack of appendicitis. Unwilling to commit himself to a Communist hospital, he made his way through the Iron Curtain.

After interrogation by British, French and United States authorities in West Berlin, Jozef went to work for the United States Army, earning excellent recommendations after almost four years of service. Once out of Poland he never changed his name or went into hiding; he even kept up correspondence with his family in Poland. Early in 1957 he obtained a visa to the United States. He settled in Rochester, met a Rumanian girl at evening English classes, and married her. They bought a small house. They now have two children, who are, of course, born American citizens.

The case has been presented before U.S. District Court Judge Harold P. Burke, who has been on the bench for twenty years, and who is, in the words of a Rochester city official, "highly regarded throughout the community." Judge Burke is expected to hand down his decision in November.

Rochester, with its large population of immigrants from East European Iron Curtain countries, has risen in unanimous horror at the prospect of Communist Poland's wielding an extradition treaty signed

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with the U.S. in 1928 when Poland was independent and anti-Communist—and wielding it on charges that are only a cover for an act of vengeance on a patriot who chose freedom. A Justice for Gazdowicz Committee has been formed, including several public officials in Rochester. As one city official told *NR* last week, "Judge Burke has an opportunity to create important law in this case." That he has, and also the duty to protect an American family, and to block the attempt of the international Communist apparatus to extend its terror to the land that cries

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free . . .
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me . . ."

Mission of Peace

When the Nobel Committee announced last week that Dag Hammarskjold would receive, posthumously, the 1961 Peace Prize, Ambassador Adlai Stevenson rose in the United Nations to declare that Mr. Hammarskjold had given his life "to build a community of man where love and peace prevail over the forces of hate." Before we are wholly committed to the blueprint drawn by the late architect of love and peace, it might be well to learn more about the construction methods which he employed. Although there has been some discussion in our press, pro and con, of the propriety of Mr. Hammarskjold's Katanga enterprise, no account of what the UN crews actually did has been printed. Before the record is altogether lost in the clouds of genuine grief at Mr. Hammarskjold's unfortunate death, and self-serving eagerness to canonize him as the first saint in the UN Communion, we introduce an eyewitness report as given in a letter to the London *Times* (Oct. 13) by Mr. Harold Soref, who happened to be visiting in Elisabethville on business when the UN struck at the forces of hate:

> From the window of my hotel bedroom overlooking the Post Office, less than 50 yards distant, I was an involuntary observer of events in Elisabethville from the first burst of gunfire at 4 a.m. on Wednesday, September 13. The aggression and brutality I witnessed were entirely one-sided.
>
> When daylight made it possible to leave the hotel I took up a position beneath a pillar opposite the Post Office, which the UN forces had wrecked. I witnessed two passing Jeeps attacked by UN machine guns. The Katangese occupants, who had not fired a shot, were slaughtered without warning. Shortly afterwards an unarmed police Jeep was machine-gunned from the almost adjacent UN Red Cross hospital. The wounded Katangese were left to die. When a Red Cross Katangese ambulance arrived it was attacked by a UN armored car. Any attempt to render aid was repulsed by trigger-happy UN troops. On several occasions I saw press photographers similarly threatened, and one was wounded whilst talking a shot which might well have been embarrassing to the United Nations' apologists. Such incidents were not isolated. On the following morning I witnessed another unarmed Katangese ambulance, carrying an enormous Red Cross flag, attacked and the driver seriously wounded.
>
> Under the circumstances it is hardly surprising that Katangese wounded resisted being taken to the UN Red Cross Hospital for fear of further atrocities. Italian doctors at this hospital protested that this Red Cross establishment was being used for aggressive warfare. Other than as a fortified place from which to launch an assault on Elisabethville and the Post Office in particular, in order to isolate Elisabethville from the world, there was no purpose in selecting that site in the center of the city for such a purpose.
>
> I have seen no mention by the UN apologists for the scores of women and children, black and white, at the Leopold Deux Hotel who were subjected to tracer bullets, machine-guns and mortar fire. . . . Their lives were permanently in danger. Indeed it was significant that at the sight of armored UN troop carriers passing the hotel all fled in fear.
>
> Individual Swedes, Irish and Canadians serving with the UN are known to have protested against the outrages committed in the name of the allegedly high moral principles of UN. Elisabethville itself developed into a city of terror and hate—hate by the entire population, black and white, resident and visitors, for the United Nations troops.
>
> Ideologists in Britain [and the U.S.?] may continue to hold their theories. But the bloodbath will never be forgotten by those who witnessed the naked aggression of the UN Forces.

Notes and Asides

Last January, an official of Hunter College announced to NATIONAL REVIEW that it would no longer make available to us its facilities for our NATIONAL REVIEW Forum programs. The notification was served by Dean Fritz Morstein Marx, in language so maladroit, and in reasoning so puerile, as to cause us not to take him very seriously. We were confident that when his capricious ruling, and the astonishing reasoning that supported it, were brought to the attention of the president of Hunter, not only would we almost certainly get back our halls, but, quite possibly, Hunter students would get a new dean.

This Dean Marx, in his correspondence with NATIONAL REVIEW, offered four reasons why our Forum did not qualify to continue to use the halls we had been using for four years. The first was the nature of the remarks by William Buckley introducing speaker Jacques Soustelle—". . . [the remarks]

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clearly reflect the point of view of your organization as a political group presenting a distinct point of view of its own." Obviously the remarks of the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW will clearly reflect the point of view of NATIONAL REVIEW, and let us hope NATIONAL REVIEW's point of view will always be distinct. Does Hunter lend its facilities to any organization whose views are indistinct? So what? we asked Dean Marx.

A second objection was to the fact that the Sousstelle meeting was picketed. We replied we could hardly be expected to keep people from picketing our meetings, and suggested we did not want to do so (and anyway, in four years that was the first time).

His third objection was to the way in which William Rusher had conducted a later meeting. He disapproved of "the way expressions of objection from among the audience were held down by the chairman." Mr. Rusher had on that occasion informed a member of the audience who rose to speak halfway through George Sokolsky's speech from the platform, to please sit down and keep quiet until the question period. What business of Dean Marx' was it how we handled our hecklers, so long as we didn't beat them up?

And fourth, NATIONAL REVIEW is a "political organization." We answered: NATIONAL REVIEW is not a political organization—we do not back one or another political party, nor urge the election of candidates in our Forums; but even if we did, there is no law or ordinance in New York denying to any political organization which does not seek to overthrow the government by force or violence, the use of its public facilities.

The astonishing news came down that Mr. John Meng, president of Hunter, endorsed the action of his Dean. He took the precaution of changing the grounds on which the refusal was based—but he will never succeed in erasing the tracks of Mr. Marx, whose correspondence is scheduled to titillate at least one judge. The new grounds are that by leasing its facilities to NATIONAL REVIEW Hunter College becomes "associated" with the views of NATIONAL REVIEW. (Our reaction: if NATIONAL REVIEW can take it, surely *Hunter* can!) We took the case to the New York Civil Liberties Union. "We recognize and honor the exclusive right of the administrators of a private college or university to dispose as they see fit, without accounting to anyone, of their premises," we wrote in our letter to the NYCLU. "That right does not extend to those who administer public property." The Civil Liberties Union looked over the correspondence, looked into the law, concluded that NATIONAL REVIEW was being denied its civil rights, and brought suit. Early in November, arguments will be heard.

For the Record

U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers, according to a Reuters dispatch, sighted by a Western diplomat on the streets of Moscow. . . . CIA may be about to break into headlines again, with a major scandal involving use of funds by certain covert personnel. Some staggering sums of money are said to be involved. . . . Liberal opinion, says a Liberal who orbits in best circles of Liberals, "appalled" by appointment of McCone to CIA. . . . Two Ukrainian scientists, Nicholas I. Sereda and prominent Dr. Mikhail A. Klochko, have defected from USSR to West; Sereda gave Austrian authorities information on active anti-Soviet underground in Ukraine.

Nationwide poll of the 265,000 June 1961 college graduates by National Opinion Research Center (U. of Chicago) found 48 per cent Liberal, 34 per cent conservative, and 18 per cent mugwump. . . . Texas political dopesters say more big names will switch to GOP in next four months, including former Gov. Allan Shivers; recent converts include Shivers' aide and a prominent professor of government at U. of Texas. . . . Far left newspaper National Guardian coming to defense of Jimmy Hoffa's popular front with unions expelled from AFL-CIO as Communist dominated: headline screams, "Witch-Hunters Join AFL-CIO and Jury in Assaults [on Hoffa]."

New York pacifists Julian Beck and Judith Malina spreading the word for a world-wide strike on Jan. 29, 1962: stop all work until nuclear testing is stopped, they ask. . . . Two pirate radio stations planned for operation off coast of England; one commercial, for standard news-and-music, other for voice of unilateral-nuclear-disarmament crowd.

Cuba now has 600 Stalin tanks, 90 MiG-15 jets, 15 MiG-17s and 19 MiG-19s. To this add 15,000 bazookas; 5,000 mortars and rocket launchers; 200,000 Czech submachine guns; 100,000 automatic rifles; 10,000 British Lee Enfield rifles; 6 Chinese jet fighters. It took 32 individual shipments to carry it all to Cuba . . . 135 Cuban pilots, trained in Czechoslovakia, ready for action.

Washington newsmen comparing notes counted 20 persons who take credit for working on President Kennedy's address to UN in late September.

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The Third World War

Defense and the Defensive

JAMES BURNHAM

All analysts of the world conflict understand that the United States and its allies—"the West"—are on the strategic defensive. This follows from the reigning policies of the two sides. The objective of the Communist enterprise is expansive: to extend Communist power over more persons and wider areas, ultimately over the whole world. The objective of the West, as conceived up to now by its governing elite, is to block the Communist advance, and to hold on to persons and areas inherited from the past. Actually, the Western objective is still more modest: to hold the metropolitan areas. Some while ago, the Western elite reconciled itself to the loss, or semi-loss, of the vast regions that had been in dependent or colonial relation to the Western metropolitan centers.

The adoption of an offensive strategy would presuppose a shift in objective. Instead of a mere holding, the aim would become a decrease in the number of persons and acres under the control of the Communist enterprise, and a reduction of its power to a level from which it could no longer threaten the security of the West and the peace of the world.

There is no prospect of a quick Western shift to an offensive strategy. The governing elite considers it either unnecessary or undesirable or impossible. A fast change in the prevailing opinion—or composition—of the elite cannot be expected. Even if our leaders did decide that a shift to the strategic offensive is both desirable and possible, it would be a prolonged and painful metamorphosis.

It is not only our strategy but our tactics also that are defensive. This correlation is not inevitable, or even usual, in the history of conflicts. While on the defensive in basic strategic terms, it is possible to take the tactical offensive in this or that theater in this or that respect. It is not only possible but routine. You cannot hope to *defend* a given position, ordinarily, unless you make forays or attacks on this or that flank, threaten your enemy's rear or communications, feint in an alternate theater, and occasionally counterattack.

Because both our strategy and our tactics are defensive, we do not *act*, but only *react* to the enemy's actions. That is the case in every theater and dimension: southeast Asia, Congo, Indonesia, Angola, the Caribbean, North Africa, Berlin; nuclear testing, disarmament, UN reorganization; and wherever and whatever he picks tomorrow. He chooses the place or the problem, the maneuver and the timing. He sometimes fails, but we, by very definition, can never win.

From Strategy to Tactics

Though much time and travail would be needed for the strategic shift, we could swing quickly and rather easily to tactically offensive operations. The concept is understood by all military men and enough of the political leaders. The mounting of the operations would be subject to *our* decision and control, and it would be up to the enemy to react in his fashion. And such tactically offensive operations, whether or not successful, would almost automatically lessen the pressures that the enemy is applying to the targets *he* has selected.

Take Berlin, right now. It is difficult, if not impossible, to take the tactical offensive directly on the Berlin salient. Indeed, the tactical defensive, in direct relation to Berlin and the corridors, is also virtually impossible: which means that Berlin cannot be defended in Berlin. As things stand, the Western defense is based on "deterrence"—*i.e.*, the threat of nuclear "retaliation": a threat not too credible in any case, and not at all suited to counter the Communist tactic of taking control of Berlin piecemeal, one minor phase at each gulp.

There is no reason why the defense of Berlin cannot be bolstered by tactical offensives at other places or in other dimensions. We know from the defections about East German mass opposition to the Communist regime. Properly sustained and guided, that mass opposition could be channeled into slowdowns, sabotage, sitdowns, even a large-scale mass defection, and would thereby relieve Berlin. But the conflict has the whole world as its theater. Therefore a move in Asia would also divert pressure on Berlin: support of anti-Communist partisan operations inside Vietminh or Tibet; dropping small arms in famine-struck and disaffected areas of mainland China.

Why Not the Sea?

Why do we not use our command of the sea? Soviet and other Communist ships carry arms, spies and inflammatory literature—dangerous to us or our allies—to Cuba, Guinea, Ghana, Indonesia, North Africa, and to agents and subversives everywhere. Why not interfere with that traffic? Many types of inspection, boycott, embargo—or mere harassment, such as the Communists carry out toward Berlin—are possible. True, there might be complications. We cannot be sure how the enemy would retaliate; but it would be he who would be retaliating—*re*acting—for a change.

It would not be difficult to help nourish the "revisionist" tendencies inside Poland, Hungary and Russia itself. Though this would be a slower campaign, its inhibiting consequences might be felt rather soon by the regime. The Communists' current squabble over little Albania—strategically isolated from the Soviet base even more totally than Berlin from the West—suggests several offensive or harassing maneuvers. One can also distract the Russians by bothering their easily accessible friends—in Stanleyville, Havana, Paris or Washington. And a campaign of induced, selective defections could be very disconcerting.

These are a sampling of tactical offensives that would be possible within the strategic defensive. Who knows? —a sampling, even on a limited tactical scale, might revive in our commanders their traditional taste for the strategic offensive, as well.

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The Deserted Tillage

Where will the Labor Party get its recruits now that the class struggle in England means trying to join the upper class, not to overthrow it?

COLM BROGAN

Building land in the south of England has now become so scarce that there are some public authorities who have almost given up building houses because they can find no ground to put them on. In a London suburb I know well, a Victorian house with a fair-sized garden was sold for a high price. The price was paid not for the house but for the garden in which there are now six bungalows, standing together as close as a group of garages. A workingman's club near Reading was paid fifty thousand pounds for the clubhouse and the ground around it. Before the war that ground would not have fetched five hundred pounds.

Yet, also in the south of England, there is land lying totally unused that could accommodate two hundred and fifty thousand houses. This unused land is allotment land. For most of this century allotments have been an important element in the English workingman's pattern of life.

A workingman living in a dingy row of back-to-backs could rent cheaply a strip of land on the outskirts of his town. He knocked up a tool shed and planted what he chose. The allotment provided more than a healthy and engrossing hobby. Countless workingmen never had any need to buy a vegetable, which was a considerable saving in a time of low wages. There was also a negative saving. The man who spent his spare time on his allotment did not spend it in the pub. Wives strongly approved of allotments.

But today there is no future for allotments in the South. Because of legal difficulties in the way of turning allotment land to other uses, allotments are lying derelict even in areas where the cost of building land has multiplied thirty times in less than ten years.

The reason for the abandonment of allotments is the pursuit of class status. Factory workers who spend their holidays on the Costa Brava are determined to shake off every habit which suggests that they are, in fact, still factory workers. The young workers who are the chief beneficiaries of the new prosperity have never known lean times and resent any harking back to the miseries of poverty which their fathers endured. They don't want to be reminded of the days when their fathers could not afford to have their shoes mended. Nor do they want to be reminded of the days when their fathers could not afford to buy vegetables over the counter.

The New Class

That is why allotments are out. It is fully recognized that a middle-class man may work harder than any navvy in his own garden, and that there are many middle-class women who live in and for their gardens. But the middle class work in gardens they own. They do not save money by their labors. On the contrary, they spend a good deal of money, as well as a good deal of time.

The New Class, the prosperous young manual workers, are rapidly adopting all the external indications of middle-class status. They are filling their houses with expensive domestic hardware and are beginning to feel ashamed if the family car is obviously not of this year's or last year's model. The Old School Tie, with all that it was held to convey of privilege and arrogance, was deeply resented by their fathers or grandfathers. But the younger generation are enthusiastic buyers of club ties, crests and blazers representing the local factory soccer team or a pigeon fanciers' club. For the undiscerning, the effect at a distance is much the same. It is noticeable that the young men do not buy their own old school tie. The memory of their years at Bog Lance Secondary Modern school fills them with neither pleasure nor pride.

It would not be at all surprising if, within ten years or so, these young men begin to sport dinner jackets. Already a few of them are committing the ultimate treachery of sending their children to fee-paying schools.

The spread of spending power and opportunity which was intended to erode class distinctions has had precisely the opposite effect. It has put the attainment of a new class status within reach—or almost within reach.

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There was always a proportion of the British working class who made very good money. But they made it by arduous work which left them with calloused hands and weatherbeaten faces, and their greasy working clothes were the mark of inferior status.

But the young man of today whose work is as undemanding physically as it is mentally slips on his jacket at the end of his shift and is indistinguishable from a bank clerk. To his grandfather the status symbols of the middle class were as unattainable as the status symbols of the aristocracy, and they were therefore not always in his mind. But the grandson, with his car, his natty attire and his Continental holiday tan, is acutely and continuously aware of class, for he is busily engaged in promoting himself. He is also aware of his remaining handicaps. It is easier to buy a posh suit than a posh accent, and he knows very well that his own accent would win him no rush of friends in a suburban tennis club. Whenever he mixes socially with the traditional middle class, he finds himself in a mine-field of speech conventions. He gives himself away by what the middle class regard as pseudo-refinements. He says "Pleased to meet you" instead of mumbling "How d'ye do," "serviette" instead of "napkin." Because he is aware of the traps of speech and the niceties of social behavior, he feels insecure away from his own kind.

Transplanted Proletariat

But as far as he can, he is determined to get rid of the class marks of the traditional proletariat. Among these is an automatic allegiance to the Socialist Party. At the last general election, a Liberal candidate put up for the Epping constituency. The voting mixture in that constituency is interesting. Centered on the old market town of Epping there is a large number of shopkeepers, well-to-do professional people and people connected in one way or another with agriculture. These in the great majority are Conservatives. On the other hand, there is Harlow New Town, which has housed many thousands of London East Enders since the War. The East Enders are nearly all far to the Left of the Socialist Party, and a sizeable number are to the Left of the Communist Party.

There seemed little chance here for a Liberal, and yet the Liberal candidate polled very heavily. And the Liberal vote came from the transplanted proletariat of Harlow New Town. A Socialist agent explained the situation to a political journalist who was considerably puzzled. He said that while the Harlow voters were still in Stepney, Mile End or Bethnal Green, living in the tradition of their parents, they had voted Socialist (or Communist) with their fathers.

But once they had put the dinginess of the East End behind them, and had settled into modern houses in an entirely new town, they began to feel that voting Socialist was a slummy thing to do. Tradition died hard with them, and they could not yet bring themselves to vote for the wicked Tories. "But wait till the next election," said the agent bitterly, "and the bastards will all be Tories."

A Socialist MP walked out of the party this year, firing some hearty broadsides as he went. He also gave the Socialist leaders a warning. He himself is a workingman who has made his way some distance in the world. His son, a grammar school pupil of seventeen, asked his father if he would object to his joining the Young Conservatives. His father, who was then still a Labor MP, told him to go ahead and added that if he were of the same age he would do the same thing. Almost all the boys in his son's school are working-class, and almost all of them are Conservatives. They are making their way out of the working class with all deliberate speed, and that means steering clear of the Socialist Party.

These youngsters are different from the Harlow temporary Liberals, for they are educated and ambitious, and their absorption in the middle class will be complete. But their kind are the potential source of talent for the Socialist Party, and the source is drying up.

Mr. Gaitskell's Dilemma

This is the long-term threat to the future of the Socialist Party. At least for the time being, Mr. Gaitskell has pulled his party more or less together, but his base of popular support is slowly but steadily shrinking. A party which still smells of dole queues and margarine and ideological moth balls has a fading appeal to Harlow New Town, and a party which is unwilling to admit the superior claims of talent, education, industry, initiative and readiness to assume responsibility makes no appeal at all to the up-and-coming grammar school boys.

Yet the party's most solid electoral support and the most solid financial support (by means of the unions) comes from millions of voters who still live in the past because the past to a considerable extent still lives with them. Building site workers, dockers, miners and many more are still horny-handed. They cannot go to work in a posh suit and they may have to work in conditions of physical discomfort. They are increasingly resentful of the workers in air-conditioned factories who never need to put strain on a muscle or dirty their hands. The horny-handed make as much money as the New Class, often more, and they may affect to despise the air-conditioned sissies, but they are increasingly resentful. They still nourish the working-class bigotries because they still carry the working-class badge. In South Wales and the North East and on Clydeside the sour milk of the Socialist class gospel is still gladly received. Poor Mr. Gaistkell has to incite some common feeling for two sections of the old working class which are becoming increasingly estranged. All this on top of nuclear disarmament and NATO.

I wonder he ever sleeps at night.

News Views

The One-Eyed Jack

The way they split the German stew,
Was fairness to a tee:
"Peace for you, old Jackeroo;
Another piece for me."

Adlai Untwisted

Will Lady Fortune go and gyp
The man rejection could not
full-stop?
He's dying for a chance to quip:
"At last there's China in the
Bull Shop."

JOHANNES EFF

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Religion

Controversy Over an Encyclical

WILL HERBERG

Since the Papal Encyclical *Mater et Magistra* is addressed "to the City and the World," it may not be unmeet for a non-Catholic to comment upon it, especially upon the controversy that has begun to swirl up around it. It is a controversy that does not reflect much credit upon either of the contending parties; yet it is one that raises important questions of principle and policy. On one level, they are questions of the nature, extent, and limits of ecclesiastical authority; on another, they touch upon the assessment of the fundamental social and political tendencies of our time. Both sets of questions deserve serious consideration, and should not be bedevilled by the violence of journalistic controversy.

Herberg

The encyclical *Mater et Magistra* has evolved a curious variety of reactions in the press. In the general press, especially in this country, it has met with the kind of respectful, perfunctory approval reserved for the innocuous commonplaces of "religion." Protestant theologians have welcomed it with unusual warmth, except the sections on the so-called "population question"); they have been happy to find in it evidence of a new "liberal" spirit in the Church. It is largely among Catholics, significantly enough, that controversy has erupted, and strong criticism of the Encyclical has appeared. What may be called the conservative wing of American Catholicism was shocked and disappointed at the Encyclical, both for what it said and for what it apparently did not find it necessary to say. The Papal statement seemed to the conservatives too much a restatement of the confusions and errors of Liberalism to be entirely acceptable as guidance for our time; and with this judgment many non-Catholic conservatives have come to agree. The Catholic defenders of the Encyclical have so far not really met the issues raised; they have limited themselves to hurried paraphrases of the Encyclical, and irritated denunciations of the Catholic objectors, whom they accuse of flouting the teaching authority of the Church. This is hardly the way the Encyclical deserves to be treated.

Conservatives' Dilemma

Unfortunately, however, that is the way it is being treated; and so, for the time being at least, controversy as to how the Encyclical is to be received has overshadowed consideration of what the Encyclical actually says. Conservatives, especially the editors of the NATIONAL REVIEW, found themselves in a painful dilemma when the Encyclical first appeared. Many of them are themselves Catholics, and even the non-Catholics feel high reverence for the Papacy and the Church as a great conservative force and a mighty bulwark against the totalitarian subversion of Western freedom and culture. They were therefore appalled when they discovered the Pope virtually ignoring Communism, and recommending the Christian use of something which in translation was rendered "socialization"; they were easily tempted to vent their disappointment by quoting a provocative quip which actually struck some people as calling into question the magisterium of the Church. *Mater, si; Magistra, no!* may be very clever, but it is a kind of cleverness which one ought not to permit oneself, because it is so susceptible to misunderstanding. Nor does it seem wise for anyone, Catholic or non-Catholic, to focus his first comments on a Papal encyclical in terms of its immediate context, rather than in terms of its intrinsic, long range significance. It might be true that the Pope's timing was not of the happiest, and hence the Papal statement might have struck some as "trivial"; but NATIONAL REVIEW would have done better by far to examine internal and intrinsic meaning, rather than the theatrical effect.

But, on the other hand, I do not think that the editors of *America* will have any particular reason to feel happy at the way they have defended the Encyclical against Mr. Buckley and his friends. In defending the Encyclical, the editors of *America* have naturally had to defend the teaching authority of the Church; but this they have done in such a way as to bring dismay to many Catholics and to numbers of non-Catholic well-wishers as well. They have virtually converted their defense of the teaching authority of the Church into a claim of blanket immunity from criticism for every part of the Encyclical alike. Granted that where an Encyclical contains doctrinal teaching, Catholics are bound to give it "interior as well as exterior assent and obedience"; the question remains, just what part of the Encyclical does constitute doctrinal teaching on faith and morals? It certainly belongs to the doctrine of the Church that man is a spiritual being divinely endowed with certain natural rights; it certainly belongs to the doctrine of the Church that economic policy ought to be subordinated to morality so far as ends and the evaluation of means are concerned. But is it also, and in a like manner, part of the doctrine of the Church to which interior as well as exterior assent is required that the common good can best be attained by governmental intervention and control instead of through the operations of the free market, as so many contemporary economists contend? In other words, is Keynesian economics consonant with Catholic social teaching, but the "neo-liberal" economics of von Mises, Roepke, and Milton Friedman is not? It is Catholic doctrine that all human beings are bound together by a "solidarity which . . . makes them members, in a sense . . . of the same family," and no one who denies this can claim to be in line with the age-old teaching of the Church; but does one, in the same way, have to acclaim the ILO and the FAO even though the Pope in this Encyclical does express his

(Continued on p. 302)

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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Paths Towards Surrender

With all his weaknesses, Dwight Eisenhower had one strength as President of the United States: the voices of the Establishment, which dominate the intellectual life of the nation, reached him only in muffled tones. Kennedy, unfortunately, is under constant and direct bombardment. Not only is he surrounded by a choice assortment of its leading figures, but also it is rumored that he reads—and from the publicity given to what he reads, it is largely, if not entirely, the product of that same Liberal Establishment. It is the pressure of this accumulated opinion which goes far to explain the pusillanimity Kennedy—whatever his native inclinations may be—has displayed on Cuba, on Berlin, on nuclear testing, on the manifold issues of resistance to the Communist drive for world conquest.

Meyer

As James Burnham pointed out in a recent column in NATIONAL REVIEW (October 21), in order to form a policy it is necessary to decide whether war or Communism is the main enemy; and those who speak with authority in the Liberal Establishment are, with honorable exceptions, committed to the thesis that war is the main enemy. Not clearly and consciously committed, however. Most of these men have managed to live in a blur in which they assert their equal hatred of war *and* Communism, although their operative conclusions have for the past fifteen years by and large expressed their underlying mood—that at bottom war, not Communism, is the main enemy.

Not until fairly recently has the logical outcome of this choice of enemies been openly and radically expressed by any influential segment of the Establishment. Only with the foundation of the Committee of Correspondence at Harvard, among whose leaders are David Riesman, H. Stuart Hughes and Erich Fromm, has the position which considers surrender as preferable to nuclear war been publicly espoused. Under the double impact of the tightening of the world situation and the emergence of a conscious conservative insistence upon the defeat of Communism as the first imperative of American policy, this stark movement towards surrender has been steadily gaining influence. A process of polarization is setting in, which, as issues sharpen, is making it more and more difficult to maintain the impossible juggling act of equating the risk of war with the risk of Communist world domination as equal dangers. A choice of enemies is imposed by reality, and the lines are becoming clarified.

One of the most startling developments in the emergence of a clear position from the murk of Liberal double-talk has been the transformation of *Commentary,* perhaps the most intellectually influential of American monthlies. Under its previous editor, Elliot Cohen, it was a bulwark of anti-Communism. Under its present editor, Norman Podhorets, it is steadily moving towards defeatism—despite isolated rearguard anti-Communist actions by Moshe Decter and Sidney Hook.

The general outlines of the position *Commentary* has been developing were sharply enunciated in two articles in its September issue, which, if their double thesis were true, would denominate anyone willing to *risk* nuclear war in resisting Communism a madman. It is the more troubling that one of these articles is by Hans J. Morgenthau, who has long held a reputation as a tough "realist" in the field of foreign policy, and the other is by Robert A. Nisbet, who both in his stewardship of the University of California, Riverside, and in his sociological writings has earned the plaudits of conservatives.

Professor Morgenthau, under the title "Death in the Nuclear Age," devotes himself to denying the moral foundation of valor, nobility of soul, determination to resist evil at whatever cost. There was a time, he writes, when death in defense of ideals made sense; but "we" no longer believe in immortality, and in the nuclear age "we" can no longer believe in its humanist substitute, immortality in the memory of future generations, because nuclear warfare would destroy civilization and the memory of men. That to do what is right is right, is a concept inaccessible to him: "To die with honor is absurd if nobody is left to honor the dead."

With the vision of Thermopylae destroyed for us down-to-earth moderns, Dr. Nisbet's article quiets any remaining qualms. Associating himself with the soporific "wisdom" of George Kennan, John A. Lukacs, Louis J. Halle, Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff; playing heavily on the myth of the end of messianism in a managerial, non-aggressive, Khrushchev era; insisting that Communism as a world movement does not exist, he reduces the Soviet threat to that of "a dangerous military nationalism." He inveighs against "the ideologist of the right . . . who sees in the world around us . . . ethical and metaphysical problems posed by an absolute Evil."

The conclusion to be drawn from Morgenthau's article and Nisbet's, taken together, is clear. If nuclear warfare poses the threat it does—and no sane man would deny its fantastic horror; if death with honor in defense of the true and the good has lost its meaning; and if Communism is just another militant imperialism, like Wilhelm II's Germany, then accommodation is obviously the right and politic course.

But in the real world, this is a course that can lead only to surrender and Communist world domination. For Communism *is in reality* an armed messianic force that will be contented with no less than world domination. To consider it as less evil, while holding to biological survival as the *summum bonum,* is to insure its victory.

As yet the logic of the blurred

(Continued on p. 318)

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Brothers Under the Skin

Labor unions are not inherently repressive, writes Archduke Otto, and conservatives should begin to realize that unions are not organic rivals

OTTO VON HABSBURG

The time has come to refute the notion, more widespread in the United States than in Europe, that conservatism is opposed to trade unionism. In actual fact the conservative philosophy welcomes and encourages local autonomies such as unions. In European history conservatives have actively supported the progress of organized labor. And in the future conservatives know they must ally themselves still more closely with the trade unions in order to protect the liberty of all.

Here I must make it clear that when I say "conservatives" I am not referring to any single political party. There are men on the Right, in the middle, and on the Left who have basically conservative views. Conservatism reflects an attitude of mind that gives allegiance to enduring principles that rule the lives of men and of nations. It is founded on the recognition of God and a belief in a moral order superior to human law, transcending the power of monarch and majority alike. Because the conservative recognizes each man's responsibility to this higher law, he deduces the necessity of individual liberty and he respects the inalienable rights of men. His attitude toward the State derives from his devotion to these principles: for he justifies the power of the State only as it conduces to the preservation of the rights and liberty of individuals and collectivities within the State.

Such a collectivity is the trade union. When it first appeared it had to struggle for recognition, because its true nature was all too often misunderstood. Up to that time the smaller autonomies had traditionally rested upon geographical distinctions. The farmer rooted in the soil, the residents of a town or village, the families of a country—these grew up to be recognized very early as the "natural" autonomies. But there were others: the tradesmen and their corporations in the Middle Ages. These died down with the advent of the industrial revolution, and the new type of worker, the factory worker, did not immediately understand his need for an autonomous organization. At heart the struggle by unions to achieve recognition had to be won against the old idea of autonomies that could only have a territorial nature.

The Use of Power

Today the paramount problem is: how should the unions use their power?

In the interest of preserving freedom through local autonomy, conservatives must strongly support the right of workers to organize and take a stand against any tendency hostile to that justified social progress. With the same regard for liberty they oppose any attempt of unions to exceed their natural scope or to transform themselves into vehicles of total power. In practical terms this means that the members must enjoy effective control of their organizations. In unions, just as in government and as in business, excessive centralization and unreasonable distance between the rank and file and the leaders endanger the basic relationship. The conservative does not on this ground oppose industry-wide unions or industry-wide bargaining; but he calls for a hierarchy of rights and responsibilities within the labor organization in order to secure to the individual members the control of their affairs.

The conservative recognizes that any autonomy has not only a right and a function in the community, but also a responsibility. Trade unions, being responsible to the community for their stewardship, are entitled to have their own rights publicly and constitutionally recognized. Thus, most of the conservative platforms in present-day Europe demand that trade unions have their elected representative in the upper chamber of the legislature. Americans should not be shocked by this demand, for their own most exalted legislative body, their Senate, essentially represents not individual voters, but territorial autonomies—the states.

The sympathy with which conservatives have regarded the trade union movement goes back a long time. During the stormy years of the industrial revolution in Europe the most articulate conservatives sided with the working men against the dominant Manchesterianism. They fought energetically against the restrictions imposed upon the rights of workers to unionize, by a coalition of the ruling Liberal parties and the big industrial interests.

The French legitimist pretender, the Comte de Chambord, was so archetypically conservative in political matters that he refused to ascend the throne in 1871 because he would not accept the flag of the revolution; but taking a stand in the social struggle, he had published a document six years earlier in which he discussed the condition of labor, demanded the right of workers freely to organize, and foretold all the political, social, and economic consequences that a reactionary policy would visit on the Continent. In this attitude he enjoyed the complete support of the two outstanding leaders of the Royalist and Conservative party in the French parliament, La Tour du Pin and Albert de Mun. There are good reasons why the conservative and aristocratic statesmen of the time gathered so much of their following in the slums and laboring districts.

So in Austria: conservative leaders like the Prince of Liechtenstein and Baron Vogelsang articulately defended the right of the workers to union-

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ize. Thanks to the leadership of these men and of Emperor Francis Joseph's hand-picked Minister of Public Works, Professor Albert Schäffle, Austria-Hungary took the lead among the countries of Europe on the road to modern social legislation.

Marxism Declining

It is unfortunate that this early identification of trade unions and conservatives became obscured by the fact that Manchesterian interests drove the workers into the Marxist camp. Now, however, the trade union movement is moving of its own accord in the direction of the conservative philosophy. Responding largely to union pressure, the socialist parties of Europe are gradually abandoning the Marxist ideas. Labor recognizes more and more that the State is not the ideal master and that the working man and his organizations rarely benefit from widespread nationalizations of industry. Although many unions still preserve, for sentimental reasons, obsolescent slogans about the fight against capitalism, their members (especially the young) are revising their attitude toward private enterprise. It is no accident that many British union members voted conservative in October 1959.

On the Continent we see the rise of a new type of labor statesman, who, though not calling himself a conservative, nevertheless is just that in his public actions. The European unions have played an important role in the fight against tyranny. Austria, for instance, in withstanding the Soviet pressure, drew enormous support from the trade unions and their late leader, the great Johann Böhm.

While the unions are beginning to understand the importance of private enterprise, conservatives continue to look upon the unions as a major ally in the struggle to defend liberty. Although the great economic differences of the nineteenth century have begun to disappear as a result of the technical revolution and social legislation, another ruling class is now appearing to replace the overlords of yesteryear: the public managers, the bureaucrats. Milovan Djilas calls them the "New Class." We have their counterpart in the free world. The goal of these bureaucratic collectives in states or in supranational organizations is to increase their power until it becomes total; and they go at this by weeding out all the autonomous organizations of human society that stand between the individual and the domineering bodies. Mao's social reforms in China are the paradigm of this tactic. The nightmare of George Orwell is a real threat today. Against this trend we must pit the rights of autonomous intermediate bodies, whether they be territorial like municipalities and states, or economic and social like trade unions.

So in the conservative vision of the future the trade unions play an important role—and possibly a decisive one. Labor's organizations, rightly understood, are a conservative force within the State. Although at times they have appeared to be revolutionary, we should blame not the unions but the reactionary social order that all too often denied justice in the name of a specious type of freedom. In the nineteenth century, as today, men in power have sometimes forgotten that there can be no freedom without justice and no justice without freedom.

Conservatism and trade unionism are not organic rivals. They are destined to be brothers and allies in the defense of liberty.

RELIGION

(Continued from p. 299)

"warm approval" of their work? One must recognize the obligation of universal charity as an obligation imposed by the faith, but does that mean that one cannot, in good Catholic conscience, advocate a foreign aid policy geared to an over-all strategy for the defense of our country and mankind against Soviet totalitarian aggression?

I ask these questions—and there are obviously many more I could ask—not because of any personal views I may have on these matters, all three of which are complex issues calling for complex answers, but because it seems to me that in defending the recent Encyclical against Mr. Buckley and Mr. Meyer, the apologists on the editorial board of *America* have tended to wipe away all distinctions, and have tended to give the impression that *all* parts of the Encyclical—statements about the nature of man in society and the obligations of charity, on the one side, and statements about fiscal policy, international organization, and particular programs of foreign aid, on the other—are on a par, carrying the same authority, and calling for the same kind of assent. Is that the impression they want to convey? For years, I have been arguing before Protestant, Jewish, and other non-Catholic audiences that there is no such thing as a "Catholic line," that on economic, social, cultural, and political matters, insofar as they do not touch the basic teachings of the Church on faith and morals, there is the widest diversity of opinion among Catholics permitted within the Church. Have I been wrong in so arguing? As a non-Catholic who does not have to prove his friendliness to the Church, I should like to have this question answered at this time.

A New Beginning?

An answer to this kind of question seems to me important. But far more important, surely, is it to see that the new Encyclical receives the kind of consideration it deserves. The discussion, in this country at least, has gotten off to a bad start. Is it too much to ask that the slate be wiped clean, and that a new beginning be made? If that were done, perhaps the editors of *America* might discover that Mr. Buckley is not, in fact, impugning the teaching authority of the Church or denying the solidarity of the human race when he expresses perplexity and disappointment at the omission of the Soviet Communism's rise to world power from the Encyclical's analysis of the contemporary situation. And the editors of the NATIONAL REVIEW might perhaps discover that in urging the Christian use of what is translated "socialization" (*rationum incrementa socialum*), the Pope is not necessarily recommending socialism, not even of the creeping kind. Perhaps both sides might find it possible to abate their polemical fury and overcome their polemical misconceptions. The importance of the Encyclical on its own account and as a Papal pronouncement would seem to require that a new attempt at understanding be made.

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Letter from the Continent

The German Elections

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Ulbricht's, that is to say Khrushchev's, decision to put a wall between the two Berlins had a calculated effect upon internal German politics which shows how easily a foreign power can influence the inner balance and the whole structure of a democratic republic. In such a state constant flux characterizes political life, but, on the other hand, specific dates are always being set on which the composition of the government can effectively be challenged. Thus election dates offer a unique opportunity to intervene "legally" in a democracy's inner affairs. The blow Moscow struck was planned to reveal the impotence of the West and the futility of Germany's NATO alliance for which the Adenauer government is responsible. Thus the CDU-CSU was expected by the Kremlin to lose a certain amount of votes; and this is precisely what happened. The crisis following the elections, however, would have occurred even if the Christian Democratic Union had lost 0.3 per cent of the votes (the majority stemming from the elections of 1957 was that slim). Under the circumstances it is remarkable that the Union had only 700,000 votes less than four years ago.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Was Adenauer's delay in responding to the Berlin threat a major cause of the decrease in CDU votes? This was only a minor strategic mistake; other aspects were more important. First, the solemn declaration of Erich Mende, the new leader of the Free Democratic Party (usually referred to as the "Liberals"), *not* to enter into a coalition with the Socialists. Such a coalition had been established a few years ago in the *Land* (county) North-Rhine-Westphalia, and it infuriated many a middle-class voter.

The "Liberals," who almost doubled their vote, are in several ways successors of Bismarckian "National Liberals," combining a certain nationalism with libertarian ideas and not free, one must admit, of anti-clerical prejudices. In economic matters they are what Americans call "conservative"; sociologically, they derive much of their support from the upper middle class. They have a left wing in southern Germany and a right wing in northern Germany, curiously enough under the leadership of Mende, a Catholic who frequently parades his World War II medals.

This party offers an alternative to anti-socialist voters who do not like the "clericalism" of the CDU and want a more emphatic national policy. It has considerable appeal for Evangelicals in northern Germany who look with a jaundiced eye at Catholics Adenauer and Luebke. And since Erich Mende himself is a Catholic, his anti-Adenauer attitude is not open to the charge of "denominational prejudice." Still, the restoration of Germany's classic parliamentary order—the absence of an absolute majority and the strategic position of a small party in the center—is a sorely mixed blessing. Mende's ultimatum as to Adenauer's abdication having prevailed, this change of horses in midstream will certainly be a major loss to Germany—and to the entire West. Here is a typical case of the conflict of democratic tradition and sane political requirements. The choice is between continuity, knowledge and experience on one side, and flux, uncertainty and amateurism on the other. Adenauer is indeed one of those ageless, tough Europeans whose political demise in mid-1963 may be a calamity.

The greater readiness of Evangelical Germans to switch from the CDU to the FDP is also proved by the fact that the CSU, the CDU's Bavarian counterpart, could almost completely preserve its old strength. This also enhances the position of the man who probably will succeed Adenauer in the long run—Franz Josef Strauss, at present German Defense Minister and head of the CSU. Like Adenauer (and unlike Erhard) he is something of an autocrat. Also, he is almost as telegenic as Herr Mende—or as Herr Brandt, who, so far, has not given up hope for a "Great Coalition," even now that Mende has attained his objective of Adenauer's removal. While during the 1957 campaign only 700,000 Germans owned television sets, now five million have them, and thus the sex appeal of the major male candidates in an electorate as predominantly female as the German is of major importance. Herr Mende is an Adonis, and Herr Brandt received such frantic applause from the ladies that his defeat was a great surprise to him. But the "Old One" could still mobilize the ancient patriarchal complex so deeply rooted in the European scene. And the CDU-CSU, after all, does figure in the public mind as the party opposed to all compromise with the Red foe.

Another Munich?

Yet, among the best informed analysts, there is a growing conviction that the Berlin imbroglio will end in a veiled Munich. The forthcoming compromise will be a defeat for the West—largely because the West is being ruled by public opinion, by the "fermentation of the peoples," as Burckhardt expressed it. We have no real plan, no real vision. Under such circumstances a powerful state dominated by a firm ideology, *i.e.*, a concrete picture of the shape of the future, has a distinct advantage. Furthermore, the bill of the Churchill-Roosevelt-Truman blunders and betrayals is still far from being paid. Should West Berlin become the seat of the United Nations? The only redeeming feature of such a setup would be the opportunity given to the Afro-Asians to study the glaring differences between East and West.

Though Adenauer knows his leadership is still needed, he may find consolation in retirement from the fact that he is being spared the humiliation resulting from the East's effective blackmailing. In all likelihood his successors will not wholly withstand such threats and pressures.

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Football Is a Lonely Battle

VICTOR GOLD

The New Coach leaned back in his rocking chair and lit a cigar.

"In the words of Knute Rockne," he said, "football is a lonely battle."

"Rockne?" asked the Young Sportswriter. "Are you sure?"

"Maybe it was Sam Huff," shrugged the Coach, "but what counts is that I post little sayings like that in the dressing room on Saturday afternoons."

"They help win football games?"

"No," said the Coach, "but quotes like that do give the boys a sense of security, don't you think?"

"I can see where they would be uplifting," the Young Sportswriter answered agreeably, "but what about this business of getting the team moving again? Back during the spring—"

"We *are* moving!" said the Coach, jabbing a forefinger across the desk. "Let's not forget the mess I inherited from my predecessor. Frankly, even I didn't realize how complicated this job was until I took it. Blocking, tackling, running, passing, shooting-the-gap, mousetrapping—believe you me, intramural touch was never like this. It will take me at least eight years."

"To straighten out the ball club?"

"No, to learn what it's all about," replied the Coach. "As for straightening out the ball club, things are looking up. Just last week I ordered a resumption of practice sessions. Indoors, of course, but it's a starter."

"Everybody else in the league is working outdoors," said the Young Sportswriter. "Doesn't that give them something of an advantage?"

"Could be," said the Coach, "but they're also getting a bad press. Just last Saturday I told the boys at halftime, I said, and I quote: 'De-emphasis is the university's last best hope for football.' It seemed appropriate. We were behind six touchdowns at the time. Which reminds me, have you had a chance to study my new de-emphasis plan? Now, *nobody* could argue with that."

"I imagine some high-spirited alumnus just might," replied the Young Sportswriter.

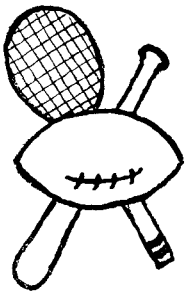
"Not in public he won't!" snapped the Coach. "I have also ordered an absolute embargo on any alumnus popping off in public. Do you know what one of those birds said last week? He said we were out to beat State. Repeat—to *beat* State! How the hell can I justify that one to the American Association of University Professors?"

"I can see where it might be embarrassing."

"Embarrassment is only the half of it," said the Coach. "What worries me is that it might get the other team sore."

"Getting down to specifics," said the Young Sportswriter, "there has been a lot of criticism about the team's punting on first down."

"Criticism is one word we don't mention around here," admonished



the Coach. "As for punting on first down, it's like I told the squad in one of my bulletins and I quote: 'A good defense is the best offense.' "

"I always heard it the other way around."

"Well, let's put it another way," replied the Coach. "The way we figure it, 'If you don't have the ball, you can't fumble.' Right?"

"Containment football?"

The Coach grimaced. "We prefer to call it our I.C. series. Short for Inner Contradictions. You see, every opponent has his weakness. If he's running, he's not passing. If he's passing, he's not running. If he passes and runs, then sooner or later, by sheer repetition of crossing the goal line, he either gets exhausted or loses interest in scoring. That's when we make our move."

"You score," said the Young Sportswriter.

"Not necessarily," replied the Coach. "Understand, in modern football, with all its terrible implications, the real idea is to threaten to score. As long as the other team knows you *can* score if you want to, then you really don't have to, do you?"

The Young Sportswriter thought a minute. "But if the other team's scoring," he said, "and you're not—"

The Coach held up a reproving hand. "You're not following, son. You remind me of our alumni. Obviously, nothing in your education or experience has equipped you to comprehend the intricacies of today's game. The point is that no matter what the scoreboard shows, there are no winners in modern football. I'll admit our strategy is fairly complicated, but it's worked so far."

"How do you figure?" asked the Young Sportswriter. "You've lost five straight games."

"We're still fielding a team, aren't we?" the Coach snapped irritably.

"Back to specifics," said the Young Sportswriter, "what happened in the Tech game?"

"That again," sighed the Coach. "Well, I can tell you what *didn't* happen in the Tech game: what that guy wrote last week in *Sports Illustrated,* that didn't happen. It was the most inaccurate version to date of what *did* happen."

"O.K.," nodded the Young Sportswriter. "So what happened?"

"I inherited a mess from my predecessor," said the Coach, rising from his chair, "for which I take full responsibility. It will take me at least eight years. At least."

"And this season?" asked the Young Sportswriter, closing his notebook. "You don't plan to win any games this season?"

"In the words of Grantland Rice," replied the Coach, walking toward the door, " 'Never look ahead. You might be gaining on something.' "

"Grantland Rice? Are you sure?"

"Maybe it was Shipwreck Kelly," said the Coach, and he strode briskly out of the office and across campus, a stiff autumn wind at his back. Perfect for punting.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Edmund Burke in Austria

No, Burke never traveled further than Paris, while alive: but posthumously he has moved in seven-league boots, so that his voice is heard even in Japan nowadays. And in Italy, to which Burke's ideas scarcely penetrated in the nineteenth century, the rising generation —groping now for some principles of ordered freedom— is discovering Burke: in one Italian city a young Communist instructed by the Party to infiltrate and destroy non-Communist students' organizations happened upon Burke's writings, and in consequence has become one of the two most active conservatives in his province.

Kirk

Austria is more congenial soil. It was Friedrich Gentz, Metternich's colleague, who first translated Burke into German and made his principles known in the German states and the Austrian system. In Austria, as in most of Europe, political affiliation since the Treaty of Versailles has been determined much more by interest and prejudice than by right reason, so that the very word "conservative" had lost—until recently—much of its theoretical connotation. The word conservative, as popularly understood and even as apprehended by people who ought to know better, has come to signify different factions in different countries. "In Switzerland," says the Swiss publisher of my *Conservative Mind*, " 'conservative' generally signifies 'Catholic'; in Germany, 'nationalist'; in Austria, 'monarchist.' "

But an important labor of clarification is making headway in Austria. An Edmund Burke Society of Austria has been formed, its prime mover, Dr. Thomas Chaimowicz, a Jewish scholar. There have been plans for a school of politics, the Burke Institute, at the University of Salzburg; but temporarily, at least, these have been hindered by timidity at the University. (Such timidity did not impede the establishment of a Socialist institute at Linz.)

And the Austrian disciples of Burke publish a serious bi-monthly magazine, *Oesterreichische Academische Blaetter* (*Austrian Academic Review*). Several of its advisers live in Britain or America: the American citizens are F. A. Hayek, Fritz Machlup, Ludwig von Mises, Peter Stanlis, and your servant. Its July-August number contains a succinct and valuable article, "What is a Conservative?" The high character of this journal, and its considerable circulation, have alarmed the Austrian Socialist propagandists, who published an editorial in one of their newspapers declaring that Thomas Chaimowicz must be an old, old man who had forgotten nothing and learned nothing since the fall of the Habsburg monarchy. In plain fact, Dr. Chaimowicz is a witty young scholar who fled to Colombia during the Nazi era, and there became a radical—until he learned from the violence and malignity of the Colombian Communists the folly of Marxism, and went over to the cause of order, and was placed on the death-list of the Communists during their attempt to seize power in Bogotá.

The Austrian Burke Society plans a series of seminars and lectures during the next year: Eric Voegelin, Béla Menczer, and other scholars will speak. The intellectual initiative in Austria seems to be passing to thinking conservatives, and within a few years the popular effects of this ferment should be felt. For ideas really do influence the mass of men, and often in short order.

In America, interest in Burke continues to grow. Several editions of his *Reflections* now are in paperback, and there are two useful new Burke anthologies. Three volumes of Burke's *Correspondence*, under the general editorship of Professor Copeland of the University of Massachusetts, already have been published by the University of Chicago Press, and the rest will appear within the next few years. No longer can Burke be ignored or condemned out of hand in any college course in politics or modern history.

Though it is a far cry from Salzburg to southern California, out in the Simi Valley two highly intelligent young Californians, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Moeller, have founded an Edmund Burke Society, and are forming a collection of books about Burke. Recently they visited the site of Burke's birthplace in Dublin, and they intend before long to visit the Burke Channel, away up in British Columbia, named in honor of the statesman. The Moellers are active in local politics, and recently had a large hand in the election of conservative Californian legislators.

One professor in England who had written a book about Burke murmured recently, in shocked tones, that he had heard Burke's ideas actually were being used for *political* purposes in modern America! Well, Burke—who in private life was not lacking in an Irish sense of fun—would have been mightily amused to hear this reproach. No man had more contempt for closet metaphysicians; he wrote his books that they might be used as weapons in the grand perennial struggle against the forces of disorder. A man who shuts himself up in a college for life after having been competently educated, Burke wrote in his journal at the beginning of his career, is like the fool who, having constructed a full-rigged ship, lays her up in perpetual dry-dock.

In Austria, and Italy, and America, Burke's power will make for intelligent and prudent action, soon or late. For vitality still makes Burke's phrases electric. It will be action in defense of order and justice and freedom, not action to make mincemeat of the contract of eternal society. As reformer and as conservator, Burke did not flinch from giving flesh to his thought. It will take more than propagandists and professors to silence him.

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Mr. Matthews' Small Assist

ALICE-LEONE MOATS

The main themes labored and belabored by Herbert L. Matthews in *The Cuban Story* are: 1) That he was right in his original appraisal of Fidel Castro as an idealist dedicated to the principles of liberty and democracy. 2) That Castro wasn't, isn't, and probably never will be, a Communist. 3) That his anti-American attitude is entirely due to the mistakes made by the United States Government in its handling of the Cuban situation.

Matthews repeats these themes, with a few variations, over and over to the point of making his book very dull reading indeed. There is nothing new in it, no fresh background material, no answers to the questions that continue to puzzle observers of the Cuban revolution and which he, as Castro's great chum, should have been able to provide. Where, for instance, did the money come from for the revolution? How was it possible for a small band of guerrillas to win out against Batista's army? In the days of continual disorder in Mexico it was possible for a rebel leader to get a major revolt under way because communications were so bad that the army couldn't get at him in time to stop his progress. As soon as roads were built, the revolutions stopped. The same should have been true in Cuba.

Mr. Matthews is very proud of the fact that although he was 57 years old when he went to meet Castro in the Sierra Maestra in February 1957, he was still capable of climbing a mountain to get a scoop. From his subsequent behavior it is clear that he was not only young enough to climb mountains, but also to develop a schoolboy crush on a "powerful six-footer with a straggly beard." Either that, or he simply has not the faintest understanding of how Communism functions. Of the two hypotheses, the second is the kinder. Otherwise, Matthews shows up as a grown man with reactions that would be preposterous even in an adolescent.

The Cuban Story, by Herbert L. Matthews. Braziller, $4.50

In his report of the three-hour interview he had with Castro, Matthews described his new-found hero as "an educated, dedicated fanatic, a man of ideals, of courage and of remarkable qualities of leadership. . . . He has strong ideas of liberty, democracy, social justice, the need to restore the Constitution, to hold elections." When he wrote this he had been with the *New York Times* for 35 years and was regarded as a Latin American expert, yet he didn't recall that Castro's words were the same ones that have been used by every power-hungry Latin American rebel leader for the past century. They all have to talk that way if they want to attract followers. Neither did Matthews recall that there is a long tradition in Latin America according to which any revolutionary who comes to power promptly throws all these ideas of liberty overboard as ballast that hampers his progress towards absolute dictatorship. There was nothing in Matthews' first story or the following ones to indicate that Castro would be the man to break his tradition.

The paladin of *Fidelismo* does occasionally confess that Fidel has disappointed him; and to prove that he is not blind to his boy's defects, he quotes some lines he wrote for Stanford University's Hispanic American Report in 1960: "The regime is a dictatorship, without freedom, under the control of one man. Law is an arbitrary concept." Nevertheless, he can usually come up with an excuse for every dereliction. The 550 "war criminals" executed after drumhead trials during a period of four months are merely the eggs that must necessarily be broken to make an omelet. The executions resumed later for "counter-revolutionary" crimes are brushed aside as unimportant because "it is doubtful that as many as 100 more were shot by the summer of 1961." Anyway, Matthews argues, the total is nothing compared with the "thousands" Batista killed in the two years of the Castro insurrection. The reader is expected to forget that Matthews has announced that Castro's revolution would put an end to all the malpractices and injustices of the Batista regime. And, of course, only a very unreasonable reader would feel that, as an old-time newspaperman, Mr. Matthews should have given a more exact figure than "thousands" for the number of Batista's victims, and also have produced some evidence for his statement that Batista used torture, while Castro didn't.

Matthews admits that it would have been nice if Castro had kept his word and held elections, but he adds, "Fidel could not have held the elections without putting a halt to his revolution." If Matthews now believes that elections halt a revolution, he must have been of the same opinion in 1957; it seems odd that he should have given the impression in his *Times* articles that he believed Castro would hold elections. One might also ask why, if as he states, 90 to 95 per cent of the Cubans are pro-Castro, would it be dangerous for him to let his admirers vote?

Matthews is bitter over the way in which he was attacked by what he calls reactionaries, or people who were ill-informed, or unfair, or intensely emotional, for the part he played in helping Castro to get into power. On the one hand, he denies that he was of any real assistance to Fidel; on the other, he asserts that the *New York Times* is "the most

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powerful journalistic instrument that has ever been forged in the free world," and it was that instrument that he put at Castro's disposal.

When he went to the meeting in the Sierra Maestra he knew that Castro wanted to see a foreign correspondent because he needed a press. "Without a press," he writes, "Fidel Castro was a hunted outlaw, leading a small band of youths in a remote jungle area of eastern Cuba, isolated and ineffectual . . . for the Cuban people, Fidel was a myth, a legend, a hope, but not a reality. He had to come to life, and like General Gomez [a Cuban rebel of the 1895-98 insurrection] he must have been saying to himself, 'without a press we shall get nowhere.'" Matthews gave it to him after a three-hour talk full of time-worn revolutionary clichés.

Because it was a nationalistic revolution and Matthews knew that in Latin America nationalism usually means anti-Yankeeism, he asked Castro about his attitude towards the United States, and was quite satisfied with the reply, "You can be sure that we have no animosity towards the United States and the American people." The animosity Castro has shown since he became dictator is all due to Washington's unfriendliness. The United States Government's unseemly and unusual haste in recognizing the Castro regime is never once mentioned.

It seems that it was also Washington's unfriendliness that forced Castro to turn to the Soviet Union for help. "I doubt," Matthews says, "that historians will ever be able to agree on whether the Castro regime embraced Communism willingly or was forced into a shotgun wedding." Historians, unlike Matthews, may perhaps recognize that a shotgun wedding occurs *after* two people have been found in bed together—it isn't what puts them in bed together.

He states that neither the State Department, nor the CIA, nor the FBI has been able to uncover any evidence that Fidel, Raúl, or Che Guevara were ever Communists. That may be true, but the Mexican police, never eager to uncover Reds, did find evidence that Guevara was a Communist. That was in June 1956 when Castro and twenty of his henchmen were arrested in Mexico. The Mexican police not only found evidence that many of those twenty were Communists, but also that some of the thirty others who had managed to evade arrest had Red affiliations. At this stage, however, when Castro is openly playing the Kremlin's game, the whole question of whether or not he is a party member would appear to be academic.

As further proof that Castro is not a Red, Matthews points out that the Cuban Communist Party gave him no assistance until 1958, when it became evident that he was going to win. A dip into the writings of Lenin might have served to inform Fidel's champion that the whole Castro revolution followed the common Communist pattern. As outlined by Lenin, the technique to be followed in countries where the Communist Party is weak, is to let the middle class start a nationalistic revolution and then liquidate it. Today Fidel's middle-class adherents are either in the grave or in Miami.

Matthews' contention that the United States Government made many mistakes in its handling of the Cuban situation is quite correct. The United States Government has almost invariably done the wrong thing, picked the wrong man in Latin America—and Cuba is no exception. In this case, Washington's major mistake was calling on Herbert L. Matthews for his opinions and advice.

Fiction

The Non-Story

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

THERE IS a sort of story which we may call the non-story, beloved by highbrows. To the vulgar it appears merely pointless, words almost literally about nothing: to the initiated it presents frozen moments, delicate studies in depth of character and situation. The form is by no means new. Its queen was Virginia Woolf, her court the Bloomsbury set of the twenties and thirties. So completely do non-stories hold the intellectual field that Mr. E. M. Forster can talk contemptuously about "the atavistic desire for a story."

When My Girl Comes Home, by V. S. Pritchett. Knopf, $4.00

The Greater Infortune, by Rayner Heppenstall. New Directions, $3.75

The cult of the non-story is international; you will find it practiced in Japan and Australia as zealously as in Britain or the United States. Its writers tend to imitate each other, so that their effects repeat and diminish like images in opposing mirrors. Two books from England, *When My Girl Comes Home* and *The Greater Infortune*, both newly published in America, belong to this *genre:* but they are highly superior examples of their kind. The authors, Mr. V. S. Pritchett and Mr. Rayner Heppenstall, are respected, intelligent, veteran literary men; theirs is not the processed style of the creative writing schools.

Mr. Pritchett's *When My Girl Comes Home* is a collection of short pieces, some of them reprinted from that familiar home of the non-story, the *New Yorker*. The long title story (well, it is *almost* a story; it has some slight plot development) describes a woman returning from a prisoner-of-war camp in the Far East and how she proves to be a very different sort of person from her dull family's imagining. "The Necklace" concerns a window cleaner who, having found a string of pearls in the street, finds out too much about his wife as a result. "The Snag" introduces Sophie, a calamitous divorcée, who makes an unexpectedly boring second marriage. "On The Scent" is a real story but slight, and there are two utter non-stories, "The Fall" and "Just A Little More," about a drunken accountant and a greedy old man respectively: the accountant gets drunk and the old man eats and that is all that happens.

The characters are drawn, the situations are probed, with wit and understanding. The characters, one

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Fall Book Number

The November 18 issue of *National Review* will be a special book number, including reviews and discussion by:

Henry Hazlitt, on *International Order and Economic Integration*, by Wilhelm Roepke
Sir Shane Leslie, on *Lady Gregory*, by Elizabeth Coxhead
Joan Didion, on *Clock Without Hands*, by Carson McCullers and *Frannie and Zooey*, by J. D. Salinger
Ralph de Toledano, on Beat poetry

may feel, are all a little gutless: but of course they are. They have to be. The non-story must have a non-hero, otherwise he might do something and that would spoil the whole idea.

In *The Greater Infortune* (an astrological term but a lamentable title) Mr. Rayner Heppenstall takes his non-hero through a series of loosely connected minor events in London during the months just preceding and just subsequent to the beginning of the last war. This non-hero is an amiable, if undirected, young man, interested in occultism, quite pleasantly married, quite pleased when his wife has a baby, not too displeased when he has to join the army. He moves in the seedier parts of residential London, finds his friends among homosexuals and down-at-heel artists and performers, dreams ineffectually of a great love affair with echoes from a previous incarnation. Nothing seems to matter to him very much. The business in which he must have been most unsuitably employed has gone bankrupt and he is really waiting for the war to save him from drifting: although, heaven knows, if Britain had depended on such men as this, she would never have survived the dark winter of 1940.

Mr. Heppenstall's is a curious book, obviously the work of an intelligent, cultivated, gentle mind; a book written, perhaps, more for his own pleasure than for his reader's. When I met him the other day, before I had read *The Greater Infortune*, I asked him if I should like it. "You may not," he said shyly. "No, you may not. But it's very well written."

He was right: and in that remark he summed up the whole creed of the non-story. The non-story is writing for writing's sake. At its best it may be very good writing but the older virtues will still be missing. Plot, surprise, enthusiasm are all impurities to be painstakingly strained out. What remains has been refined almost out of existence for the benefit of hyper-sophisticated literary palates. Such work, whether you enjoy it or not, must surely belong characteristically to an age of artistic decadence.

Decadent art can be very enjoyable; I confess to liking Silver Latin poetry and Alexandrian sculpture. But it is essentially bloodless. It does not answer the enduring fundamental needs of the human heart: and therefore it will not survive. The true thing will return. The heroes and the stories, the loud songs and the epics, will come roaring back, and the twittering ghosts of Bloomsbury will fade away as though they had never been. And with that thin, vanishing company will go—and I'm sorry to have to say it—Mr. Pritchett and Mr. Heppenstall.

We Surrender, Dear

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

THE TIME is coming when someone will have to attempt a balanced assessment of Eleanor Roosevelt; but who shall it be? Just about everybody is already on record with a strong opinion, pro or con. Is she, as her admirers contend, the First Lady of the World? Or is she merely, in Westbrook Pegler's memorable phrase, an "indomitable old quack"? Probably we will have to let history have the last word—as it usually does. Meanwhile, Mrs. Roosevelt remains a fascinating problem for the analytically-minded.

The Autobiography of Eleanor Roosevelt. Harper, $6.95

Surely the orderly thing to do is to turn first to her own account of her life. Here, at least, is the picture she would like to present to the world. Like so much else about Mrs. Roosevelt, her newly-published *Autobiography* is not quite what it seems to be. It is, in fact, simply a condensed reissue of her three previous autobiographical volumes—*This is My Story*, *This I Remember* and *On My Own*—plus a sort of epilogue to bring them down to date. Here we can read again the familiar and rather touching tale of the ugly duckling and the domineering mother-in-law, and observe in these first chapters her incredible reticence about her famous husband (his proposal of marriage is described in a thirteen-word subordinate clause).

Once more we note the abrupt corrective change to a gushing "Franklin this" and "Franklin that" in her chronicle of the White House years (into which she artfully weaves her own version of every controversy in which she became embroiled). Finally, when she reaches the post-war years, we sense afresh the exhilaration of a long life in storm and shadow as it rises into a realm of untrammeled activity, where a U.S. consul waits bareheaded as her plane wings down in the Istanbul dawn.

The picture of Mrs. Roosevelt painted by her critics is, naturally, a very different one. The raw materials for parody are there in abundance: her squeaky voice, her zany friends, her appalling children—all these have been barber-shop jokes from coast to coast for at least a quarter of a century. At another level, her unfailingly vapid observations on life, motherhood and world events have for decades been the table talk of the *cognoscenti*. And there have been darker criticisms—of blindness, or

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even cordiality, toward domestic Communists. Where, between the poles of adulation and abuse, shall we find the truth?

Certainly New York political observers have never had the slightest doubt as to her true significance. In the polyglot world of New York Democratic politics, the key development of the last fifty years has been the (strikingly successful) effort of various ethnic blocs—the Italians, Jews and Negroes, in that order—to wrest political control of the city from the old Irish leaders of Tammany Hall. The first politician to achieve real success as a spokesman for these newly-conscious minorities was Fiorello La Guardia—himself half Italian and half Jewish. The second was Eleanor Roosevelt, who during the New Deal identified herself especially closely with the cause of the two most sensitive minorities: the Jewish and Negro populations. Even among the palace guard of the first Roosevelt Administration—a cabal so passionately progressive that FDR's nickname for Henry Wallace was "Old Man Common Sense"—Mrs. Roosevelt appropriated the cause of

those minorities as her special care, and it was to her that they looked for representation in the highest New Deal councils.

There is no reason to suppose that her interest in them was, or is today, insincere. Unlike her husband, who once gaily offered America's six million Jews to the late King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia, Mrs. Roosevelt has loyally fought the battles of her adopted charges, even when it meant making powerful enemies elsewhere. And they, in turn, have given her the unstinting affection that the helpless feel for their protector—and not only their affection, but their allegiance. As a result, Mrs. Roosevelt's endorsement is worth today, in a New York election, a good many scores of thousands of votes (as Controller Levitt found out, in the recent mayoralty primary). The rest of her attainments—the high-powered publicity, the professorship at Brandeis, the UN bit—all stem from that central and transcendent fact.

And it is in the realm of New York politics, for that very reason, that I find her piercing disingenuousness most irritating. It is her right to prefer Wagner to Levitt for Mayor, if she wishes, or Finletter to Hogan for Senator, or Stevenson to Kennedy for President, or just about anybody to Carmine De Sapio for Democratic leader of Manhattan. But to describe the murky political war in which these contests were the individual battles, and in which she played such a central part, as "a controversy in the Democratic Party in New York State, where boss rule was attempting to replace the voice of the voters," is going it a bit thick for such a crafty old lady. It is as if Madame Defarge had described the French Revolution as "a controversy over the king's effort to stifle the democratic yearnings of the people of France"—and gone on knitting.

But I do not encourage conservatives to suppose that they can, at this late date, disarm this wily politician by proving that she is funny, or duplicitous, or both. Like Dwight Eisenhower and Harry Truman, she has grounded her political power in a personal popularity that is quite impervious to the blandishments of reason.

Moreover, we probably do not give enough credit to sheer length of life in explaining her influence on her times. In October, Mrs. Roosevelt celebrated her 77th birthday. If she had retired from public life at the perfectly respectable age of 62 (in 1945, when her husband died), she would have been remembered as an exceptionally energetic and controversial First Lady, but scarcely as a contender for Woman of the Century. As with Churchill and Adenauer, it was the ensuing fifteen years that made the difference—years in which her continued vitality (an admirable trait, but one rooted in heredity rather than any acquired merit) enabled her to capitalize brilliantly on her status as chief remaining symbol of the New Deal era.

Today she orbits beyond the reach of the merely rational. One can only smile, and remember Shaw's shrewd and cynical prophecy about himself, written when he was already famous and only 41: *"I may dodder and dote; I may parboil and platitudinize. I may become the butt and laughing-stock of all the rising spirits of the younger generation. But my reputation shall not suffer; for it is built up, like Shakespeare's, on a firm basis of dogmatic reiteration."*

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Notes on the Decline of the West

GUY DAVENPORT

EZRA POUND has remarked that a man might put all his thought on a single page and, knowing that such rock crystals of concise brevity are as rare as Confucius' six pages, has urged that at least scholars publish their notes rather than heady *opera* in which one finds a nugget here, a tidbit there. Good writing is so scarce that the Poundian advice is brilliant for our age where every other semi-literate has embraced Dr. Johnson's observation that every man has a book in him, if he but knew how to set down what is peculiarly his own, annotations of individuality which the alive mind recognizes as a privilege to know and exults to have. Two such books of *obiter dicta* have just appeared in English.

The Story of a Novel: The Genesis of Doctor Faustus, by Thomas Mann, translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Knopf, $4.00

Yestermorrow: Notes on Man's Progress, by Kurt W. Marek, translated by Ralph Manheim. Knopf, $3.50

In 1949 Thomas Mann made a record of the novel which came upon him unexpected, like a child of old age, *Doctor Faustus.* He had just finished the fourth and last volume of his *Joseph* epic; his wife wanted him to finish *Felix Krull,* and the idea of returning to this novella of his youth as a possible last work tickled his mystical love of symmetry. Mann had predicted his death at the allotted three score and ten, and when *Time* upbraided him for being alive at 71 he hedged and said that he meant the death of his imagination. But that imagination was to surprise Mann and create his greatest novel. The *Entstehung des Doktor Faustus* which he wrote in 1949 as an incredulous glory-be has now been translated by Richard and Clara Winston as *The Story of a Novel.* It is more: it is a journal of the years in which he wrote *Faustus,* a record of an intellectual adventure, and a sly parody of the Mann novel, full of Germanic jokes and totemistic *leitmotivs.* Its narrator-protagonist is an exile in an imperilled Egypt whose Joseph is Roosevelt, whose chariots are flung at the Hyksos Nazis, and whose lonely wastes and gaudy people befriend a nucleus of representative intellect from which, if Europe is so crushed that only misery can emerge, a second *mundus novus* can be begun—Stravinsky, Einstein, Brecht, Adorno, Maas, Tillich.

Doctor Faustus, Mann's "wildest book" as he wrote in his journal, is cast ironically as a biography, so that we see the tortured brilliance of the composer Leverkuhn through the sympathetic, horrified account of a meticulous pedant. From its germ idea, "music, then, and Nietzsche," the novel grows into an orchestration of Mann's great theme, the "curious divergence between biological and intellectual vitality." This divergence is actually a hellish symbiosis of genius and abnormality. The agonies of Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, Jekyll-Hyde, any effulgent mind ambiguously prepared for creation by disease, contributed to Leverkuhn's character. In Leverkuhn's plea for a Daedalian command over music, in his pride and cruel love, in his fear of sterility, Mann saw the modern artist, and even politician, driving himself in a euphoria of illusory strength toward nemesis and apocalypse. Leverkuhn's vision of hell was written while Berlin collapsed, and in his awful last composition there are the twin horrors of Buchenwald and Hiroshima.

Throughout this little book the drums of the Nazis are as ominous as, symbolically, in *Faustus.* Goebbels had reported Mann dead early in the war, and we can see Mann's perfect disgust in this evocation of Gerhardt Hauptmann, whose senile adulation of the Reich he pitied and forgave, before the abomination itself: "He remained in Germany, raised the swastika flag, wrote *I say Yes!,* and even went so far as to have an interview with Hitler, who for one shameful minute bored his stupid basilisk's gaze into those small, un-Goethean eyes, before 'stalking' on." Mann's daughter Erica, a war correspondent, interviewed Goering in captivity and when the Marshal was told who she was, bellowed that the Mann

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case was all a frightful misunderstanding—he was not to be blamed, though he was even then on the eve of trial, so inscrutable were the mentalities of the Nazi command.

If Mann's *Faustus* is a parable of Western man's troubles, conceived in the spirit of Nietzsche and of attendant romantic ideas of a tragic end to our civilization, Kurt Marek's *Yestermorrow* is a sequence of notes on that decline. Spengler is not read a great deal any more, and the essay on technology less than the *Decline*. The only thing to say here is that perhaps Spengler is more germinal for historians of scope than his etiolation by Toynbee, and that until Frobenius is translated and got into the curriculum, better raw Nietzsche than Spengler, better Spengler than Toynbee's tepidity as an appetite whetter in comparative culture.

Anyway, Mr. Marek, who as C. W. Ceram is a popular figure in the current archeological *flânerie* (*Gods, Graves, and Scholars*, 1951; *The Secret of the Hittites*, 1956; *The March of Archeology*, 1958), is interested to meditate on the accuracy of Spengler's prophecy. It is not so much the decline of the West, Marek says, which should engage our attention as the metamorphosis of all cultures into technocracy. All history since Gibbon has been written with nostalgia; sentiment has blinded our scrutiny. Truer historians are those folk artists who extrapolate hints into fantasies and give us utopias and science fiction, for whatever our dismal future, it will be a time of automata.

Some element, as yet inconceivable, especially to Mr. Marek who despises the very words "Christian" and "wisdom," will have to put something of the cathedral bell back into the siren, something of the altar into the stove. What, we cannot tell, but it will arrive to shear away our built-in anxieties symbolized in glass skyscrapers, improbable cantilevering, total-destruction bombs, exploding jets, and other janglers of any idea of safe tranquility. Mr. Marek has no solutions; his notes constitute an up-to-date *Erewhon* in which machines, not nature, evolve in a metamorphosis more fantastic than that described by Ovid or Darwin.

Movies

Beginners' Bergman

FRANCIS RUSSELL

In the Boston area until a few months ago it has only been possible to see Ingmar Bergman films at the two foreign way-stations, the Back Bay's Exeter Theater—where the audiences are so xenophilic that they even think George Formby is funny—and the Brattle in Harvard Square. The Brattle is more graduate-school intellectual, with the highest concentration of beards in New England, and for any Bergman opening a queue of Loden coats that stretches three times around the block. Bergman however has begun to knock on the gates of suburbia. Recently *Virgin Spring* has been showing at the drive-ins—although indeed the effect of the rape scene three stories high is rather weird. Now the latest release, *Secrets of Women*—actually Bergman filmed it in 1952—is being shown as a conventional feature at Boston's conventional Metropolitan Theater, where few esthetes' feet have trod. Bergman, displayed amidst the Met's Roxy-rococo splendor, may well expect to be caught with his avant garde down.

I shall continue to be charmed by him nevertheless, content if I don't like the picture just to watch the landscape. Unfortunately, there is not enough landscape to do the trick in *Secrets of Women*, and the rest drifts into ennui. In this early work Bergman employs a narrative form that had almost become a cliché in Boccaccio's time—a group of people gathered together and each one telling a tale. Here three sisters-in-law are on a holiday at a cottage by the sea and take turns in recalling certain aspects of the marriage, each time of course with the inevitable flashback. The first narrator has deceived her husband with an old lover, confesses it defiantly, and after his threatened suicide manages to attain a protective maternal relationship

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.....

with him. The second has an affair in Paris with a Swedish art student and, after their child is born, finally marries him. The third tale is a wry account of the reconciliation of a pompous philandering husband with his middle-aged wife after the two of them get stuck in their apartment house elevator for the night.

Besides the recurring faces that in their appearance in picture after picture give a touch of old home week to Bergman's films, his trademark is visible in the background—the mingling of sunlight and water and shadow, the frog at the edge of a pond, luminescent birch trees and the low clouds drifting across the fields. Children are amusingly appropriate—in spite of the nasal dubbed-in Hollywood voices—and the babies enchanting. The cottage seems a foreshadowing of the house in *Wild Strawberries*. And even in this minor and often boring work, Gunnar Fischer's camera lovingly records the somewhat melancholy Swedish landscape.

Of the three tales in the present picture the Paris idyll is the flattest as well as the longest, a warm-up of Murger with a lot of incidental park scenery thrown in. It is not helped by a painfully prolonged obstetrical scene at the end nor by flashbacks within flashbacks. The young Swedish artist of post World War II Paris, in dirty smock and beard, painting and sculpting in a style that pre-dates the Impressionists, is quite incredible. He must be at least seventy years behind the times.

Secrets of Women brought no queues to the Metropolitan, and rightly. It could scarcely be of much interest now except to students of the master. Nevertheless with its tentative beginnings it is worth comparing with the overwrought qualities of *Virgin Spring*, where Bergman seems to have come to the end of the road. What is there left to do with his basic ingredients?

He might find the answer to future scenarios in the short stories of the almost forgotten Baltic writer Theodor Storm, whose feeblest piece "Immensee" (he should not be judged by it) used to be standard reading in freshman German a generation or two ago. Storm's stories all have a minor elegiac note and are permeated with the same sense of landscape that one finds in Bergman. I wish

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I could persuade him to have a try at one or two of them. The mood of the two men in their two centuries is so close that both the living and the dead would gain strength by the collaboration.

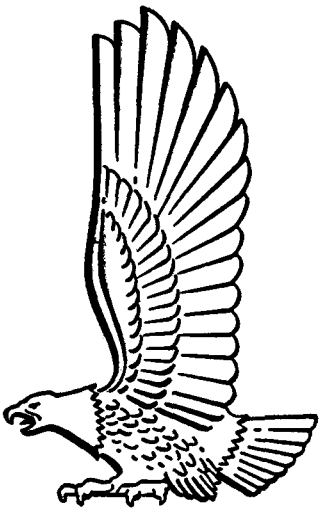
BOOKS IN BRIEF

ASHES TO THE TASTE, by Irena Penzik (University Publishers, $4.95). Miss Penzik has been through the Communist labyrinth in Poland and has come out of it with the desire to describe to others "the quiet horror of human relationships under Communism." She succeeds admirably in her purpose. Her book, nonetheless, leaves the impression that a Party critic was correct who said of her that her Marxism was on the emotional rather than on the intellectual level. She still believes that the American Communist Party campaign against "white chauvinism" aroused large numbers of people "to act on the side of fairness and decency on this question," and that McCarthyism in the United States put unnecessary blocks in the way of her break from Communism.

W. D. JACOBS

WHEN NATIONS DISAGREE: *A Handbook on Peace through Law,* by Arthur Larson (Louisiana, $3.95). Arthur Larson, the ADA's dream Republican, feels that "World law must be based on the legal traditions of all parts of the world, not just of one part." Since a large part of the world genuflects before cows while the other parts eat them, presumably Mr. Larson would propose a Solomon-like compromise which might assign the front half of the cow for dinner and reserve the back half for divine worship. The Connally Amendment, a blur on Mr. Larson's Vision, must of course be effaced. What about the Communists and world law? Mr. Larson disposes of the problem in a neat five pages, Khrushchev will be surprised to learn. The nation can at least be grateful that General Eisenhower's favorite author (well, favorite *heavy* author) chose 1961 rather than, say, 1958 to market his latest nostrum. It can't do much harm in Gettysburg.

N. MCCAFFREY



". . . the ideas of economists and political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed, the world is ruled by little else . . . Not, indeed, immediately, but after a certain interval . . . in the field of economic and political philosophy there are not many who are influenced by new theories after they are twenty-five or thirty years of age, so that the ideas which civil servants and politicians and even agitators apply to current events are not likely to be the newest. But soon or late, it is ideas, not vested interests, which are dangerous for good or evil."

— John Maynard Keynes

Our forebears bequeathed to us a set of premises, theories and truths carefully devised to insure the dignity and freedom and supremacy of the individual. But through interpretation, modification, even convenient omission by many of our educators today, there exists a strong and growing tendency to teach that the individual is second to the state. The influence of these teachings — already apparent — will be felt increasingly five, ten and twenty years hence.

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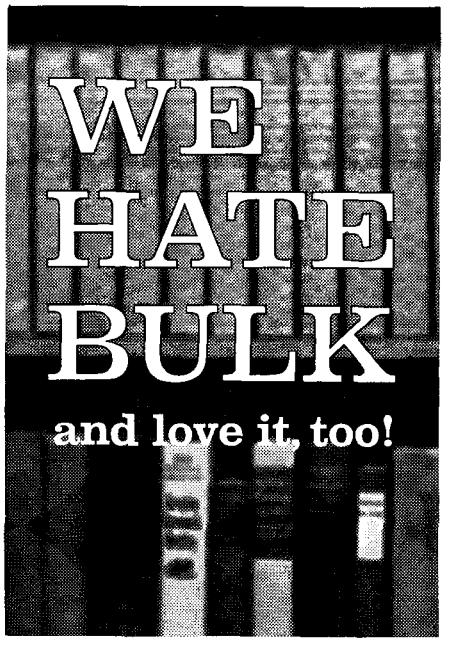

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To the Editor

A Testimony

In his wonderfully interesting review of the Sacco-Vanzetti case [October 21], Max Eastman reports that Carlo Tresca told him: "Sacco was guilty but Vanzetti was not." This is exactly what I was told one night in the late thirties, after a bit of boozing, by James P. Cannon. Cannon and Tresca are the two men of all others who should have known. Cannon, a Wobbly in his earlier days, was a founding member of the U.S. Communist Party and a Comintern delegate and member. During the twenties he headed the American operations of the Comintern's "workers defense" apparatus, then known as the International Labor Defense. It was the ILD that handled the national and international Sacco-Vanzetti campaign for the Communists. The Communists considered this campaign to be the first great united front achievement to come out of America. Cannon split with the Stalinists in 1930, and it was as a fellow Trotskyist that I knew him in the thirties. I have never before referred in public to his statement on Sacco, because I felt that a) he was sure to deny it, and b) minds were so closed on the case that there was no point anyway. But some minds seem to have been reopened concerning the meaning of this momentous myth (only the myth of the Spanish Civil War exceeds its magical power in this country), and it is perhaps time to make my testimony a part of the record.

Kent, Conn. JAMES BURNHAM

Muggshot

I do hope that the idea of a muggshot for the cover of NR is just a passing fancy that has already come and gone with that horrible cover of October 7.

Inglewood, Cal. VIRGINIA C. SULLIVAN

No like? —ED.

A Professor Objects

Mr. Wills opens his review of *Race and Reason* [August 26] with the charge that Charleton Putnam oversimplifies the issues. I personally am in accord with Mr. Putnam's view that the race question is badly in need of both simplification and clarification. For years the issues have deliberately been confused by equalitarians whose chief weapons have been prolixity and ambiguity. But I do not agree that Mr. Putnam *over*-simplifies or sees matters only in black and white.

The charge of over-simplification is, of course, a generality. So I turn to more specific points in Mr. Wills' review. He comments in his second paragraph: "One of Mr. Putnam's fallacies is to equate the *initiation* of a culture with its *absorption*." Such a remark could only result from a hurried reading of the book. In it the author constantly points out that almost all cultural development has been a matter of absorption and his main thesis consists in emphasizing that the Negro's limitations are proved by his failure to *absorb*. Speaking of one branch of the white race absorbing culture from another, Mr. Putnam cites the barbarian invasion of Italy and adds: "Similarity of tinder permitted passage of the spark. It was still the white race which absorbed, and eventually carried forward, the Roman culture." The Negro's failure in this respect is fully covered on Mr. Putnam's page 45: "Different races caught up the spark, so to speak, according to the quality of the tinder they themselves constituted. . . . But the Negro race has done comparatively little with it, although they have had repeated exposure to the flame, in Africa, in Europe and in the Western Hemisphere." It would be hard to find a more categorical contradiction of Mr. Wills' point.

Next the reviewer makes the very mistake he accuses Mr. Putnam of making: he fails to realize the importance of fine distinctions. It is the higher functions of the human brain which have produced the advanced forms of civilization, and a very small difference in the frontal lobes of a man or race can make all the difference in their performance. The equalitarian has long been harping on Mr. Wills' point that similarities between men exceed the differences, never stopping to remember that the similarities exceed the dif-

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ferences between a horse and a cow. Mr. Wills' statement that "a gift so exceptional, so unique, as that of thought and choice dwarfs all the subsequent differences in the uses to which intelligence can be put" may be true, but it is equally true that the "subsequent differences" remain highly significant. It is the *use* to which thought and choice are put that distinguishes London from a Congo settlement.

Mr. Wills then moves to what he calls the metaphysical concept of man's equality and seems to feel that Mr. Putnam places Jefferson in the role of a poor copy editor in changing the wording of the phrase "born equally free" in the Virginia Declaration of Rights to "created equal" in the Declaration of Independence. The reviewer thinks Mr. Putnam in effect accuses Jefferson of misquoting the Virginia Declaration. But what Mr. Putnam is saying is that Jefferson used the phrase "created equal" *in the sense of* "equally free," and the surrounding circumstances of Jefferson's life and times entirely support this position. Mr. Wills forgets that Jefferson said of the Negro race: "Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than these people are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live under the same government." One does not consider a race one's cultural and social equal and then remark that it cannot live with him under the same government.

Mr. Wills makes a similar error in misrepresenting Mr. Putnam's view on religion. He states that Mr. Putnam "argues that if all men were equal they would all be saved." Mr. Putnam does nothing of the kind. Under Mr. Putnam's view, if all men were equal they might just as well all be lost, depending on what sort of men they were. The haste with which the reviewer read the book is again obvious here.

Mr. Putnam's position throughout is that the concept of social and cultural equality has no foundation in science, religion or metaphysics. And it has no place in politics or the American way of life. Since the differences are genetic as well as environmental in origin, integration of the white and Negro races (with the intermarriage which invariably accompanies it) can only result in the destruction of the white civilization. No human right is more precious than

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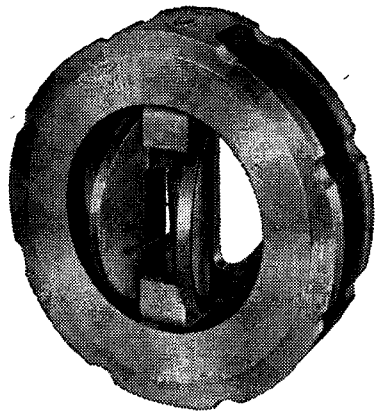

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the right of a race to defend itself against such destruction. This is the real issue in the integration battle in the South today, and the unchallengeable thesis of *Race and Reason.*

HENRY E. GARRETT
Professor Emeritus of Psychology
Columbia University
Charlottesville, Va.

The Record

When Arnold Beichman challenges a showing of American labor policy which weakens the country's ability to resist Communism [October 7], let us point to just one example, namely, the sordid record of gouging at Cape Canaveral (a practice condoned by union officers), which resulted in many stoppages in the development of our space program. This of itself has seriously impeded our efforts to secure us against the threat of Communist aggression.

Detroit, Mich. LARRY S. DAVIDOW

Sources Cited

I do not wish to quarrel with Mr. Hazlitt's attack on an article of mine in the *New Republic* called "Confession of a One-Time Conservative." I do think, however, that I owe it to you and him to cite the source of my figures on Government taxation and spending in relation to gross national product in Europe. The figures covered *all* taxation—Federal, local, and, most important, social security. The figures Mr. Hazlitt cites from International Financial Statistics are not that comprehensive. My source was a study recently made by the National Institute for Economic Research of London.

I do not know whether Mr. Hazlitt considers West Germany an economic success story. But I can assure him that, for better or for worse, it is the very epitome of a welfare state—and, as I said in my article, its total tax "take" is the highest in the non-Communist world.

Paris EDWIN DALE

Mr. Hazlitt Replies

I am grateful to Mr. Dale for revealing the source of the figures on which he relied for the conclusion of his *New Republic* article that "The way to achieve the best of all possible economic worlds . . . *is* to spend as much Government money as possible." But he owed this crucial information to all his readers in the first place.

It would require the time and resources of another statistical organization to make a thorough check of the London Institute's comparisons. Meanwhile, however, the National Bureau of Economic Research, the most highly respected private nonprofit statistical organization in the United States, has just published (on Oct. 9) through the Princeton University Press a study by two British professors, Peacock and Wiseman, which concludes that British Government spending approaches 40 per cent of the British gross national product.

The London Institute came up with a British ratio of only 28 per cent. It compared with this a German ratio, counting the spending of all government units, of 34 per cent. Even if the London Institute's figure for Germany is correct, therefore, the new NBER figure would show that the British spending ratio greatly exceeds it.

Will this result cause Mr. Dale to reserve his *New Republic* conclusions?

New York City HENRY HAZLITT

Friends of MRA

As an Australian who loves this nation I was surprised that a magazine bearing the title NATIONAL REVIEW should allow itself to malign the name of perhaps the greatest American that your nation has produced this century. I refer to the article "The Saga of Frank Buchman" [by Francis Russell, October 21].

"Unforgettable" it may be; unforgivable it certainly is unless you carry the truth about Frank Buchman and his work as seen through the eyes of men who have had closer touch with it than Mr. Russell's self-claimed single contact a quarter of a century ago. From the numerous editorials and obituaries which I read in the press at the time of Dr. Buchman's death, it would seem that men such as Gabriel Marcel, Dr. Konrad Adenauer or former Japanese Prime Minister Kishi are such men.

New York City RONALD R. PRATT

Has NATIONAL REVIEW been infiltrated? Who is this Francis Russell who ridicules a group that has probably changed more Communists than any church he can name? Does he know that Radio Peiping has said that MRA is the one ideological force the Communist world has to fear? Does he know that Hans Koch, adviser to Adenauer on Soviet affairs, said that because of MRA the Communist vote in the Ruhr Work Councils fell from 73 per cent to 8 per cent in four years? Or that Dr. Jamali, former foreign minister of Iran and devoted to MRA, scored over Chou En-lai in the Bandung Conference a few years ago by his stand against imperialism, whether of East or West? Or that it was the influence of MRA that led Mr. Kishi of Japan to journey to the Philippines, Taiwan and the U.S.A. to apologize for the Japanese cruelties of World War II? . . .

Before the Communists bury us, let us in humility learn from these

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people of MRA how to change Communists into God-fearing men and women—and leave judgment to God

Mountain Lakes, N.J. GERALDINE FITCH

The Case of Dr. Sittler

With regard to the article by Priscilla L. Buckley [October 7], concerning the investigation by the American Association of University Professors of the resignation of Dr Edward Sittler from the faculty at C. W. Post College, I believe that the readers should have an opportunity to consider the following facts: 1) Prior to the publication of the article, no member of the staff of your magazine, including Miss Buckley the Managing Editor, sought information from the Association's Washington office or its Committee on Academic Freedom and Tenure concerning the Association's investigation of Dr. Sittler's complaint or the current status of the revised report of the investigating committee. In order to achieve the highest possible degree of accuracy and objectivity in its published reports, the Association presents each successive draft of a given report to all interested parties, including the complainant and the administrative officers of the institution in question, if significant revisions are undertaken following the submission of comments. Each person who receives these draft reports is informed that they are *confidential and not for publication.* 2) The procedures of the Association in academic freedom and tenure cases are admittedly time-consuming, but the published reports of our investigations over the past forty-six years have reflected the wisdom of exercising great care in assembling facts, in comparing the procedures followed in a given case with generally accepted academic practices, and in obtaining the comments of every interested party on all portions of the reports. The delay in processing the report of this investigation has not been due to the fact that Dr. Sittler is a former Nazi, but rather to the Association's efforts to render a report which is consistent both with principles widely accepted in American higher education and with facts in a highly complicated case. 3) The principles of academic freedom and tenure supported by the American Association of University Professors apply to all college and university teachers regardless of actual or alleged political affiliations.

We shall continue to process the report of the committee which investigated Dr. Sittler's complaint in accordance with our usual procedures.

WILLIAM P. FIDLER
General Secretary
American Association of
University Professors

Washington, D.C.

How does Priscilla Buckley know that Dr. Sittler is a reformed Nazi and not merely a displaced Nazi? Because he says so? I think that only someone who cherishes madly the anti-Communist spark that burns in the worst of men could give him the benefit of the doubt so easily.

Brooklyn, N.Y. MURRAY UBERMAN

Most Likely Answer

James Jackson Kilpatrick ["Pitney-Bowes Objects" July 1] calls upon many historical events, documents, and persons to back up the slogan of the John Birch Society: "Ours is a republic, not a democracy. Let's keep it that way." In doing so he has portrayed these events, documents, and persons as something which they are not.

The first person Mr. Kilpatrick mentioned was Benjamin Franklin. He used Dr. Franklin's statement: "A republic, madame, if you can keep it." Mr. Kilpatrick says that the John Birch Society's slogan echoes this "famous phrase" (how can this phrase be famous when it is not recorded by Dr. Franklin's most noted biographers, *e.g.*, Carl Van Doren, Bernard Fay, and John Bigelow?). Furthermore, the federal constitution which he had just signed did not warrant this description because it nowhere mentions the word "republic." . . .

In 1776 Benjamin Franklin signed the Declaration of Independence and the Pennsylvania State Constitution. This constitution, as Solon and Elizabeth Buck, Pennsylvania historians, viewed it, made Pennsylvania "more democratic in government than any of the other states"; and John Dos

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Passos described it as "a radical plan for popular government." In 1789, when this constitution was replaced by a more conservative one, Dr. Franklin opposed the new constitution because it was "contrary to the spirit of all democracies."

Does the above information describe a man who would be against a more democratic government? What was Dr. Franklin warning the woman against? On June 4, 1787, in the Constitutional Convention he warned against a monarchy in the government and in his last speech he warned against despotism. Considering that his last speech was delivered only a few hours before his "famous phrase," despotism is the most likely answer.

Brooklyn, N.Y. THOMAS V. MURPHY JR.

Mr. Kilpatrick Replies

The anecdote about Franklin appears in the "Papers of Dr. James McHenry on the Federal Convention of 1787." These notes were published in the *American Historical Review*, Vol. XI (1905-06), pp. 596-618, and were reprinted in Tansill's famous *Formation of the Union*. If the story was good enough for Tansill to run without a doubtful footnote, it is good enough for me.

As for Mr. Murphy's remark that "despotism is the most likely answer," it needs to be said only that of course despotism is the most likely answer. What is the gentleman fussing about?

Richmond, Va. JAMES J. KILPATRICK

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

(Continued from p. 300)

refusal to face the issue of liberty or death has not, in the thinking of the great majority of those who make up the Establishment, led to so dangerous a conclusion. Within the blur, there is still hope of a different clarification: that Communism is indeed an evil which must be resisted at all costs if the United States and Western civilization are to survive, that Communism, not war, is the main enemy. It is the first task of the growing conservative consciousness to bring about this resolution of the dominant contemporary confusion, by pressing home upon the Establishment and its President the realities of Communism and the validity of our ancient beliefs which elevate truth and honor and valor far above the ignoble blackmail of death.

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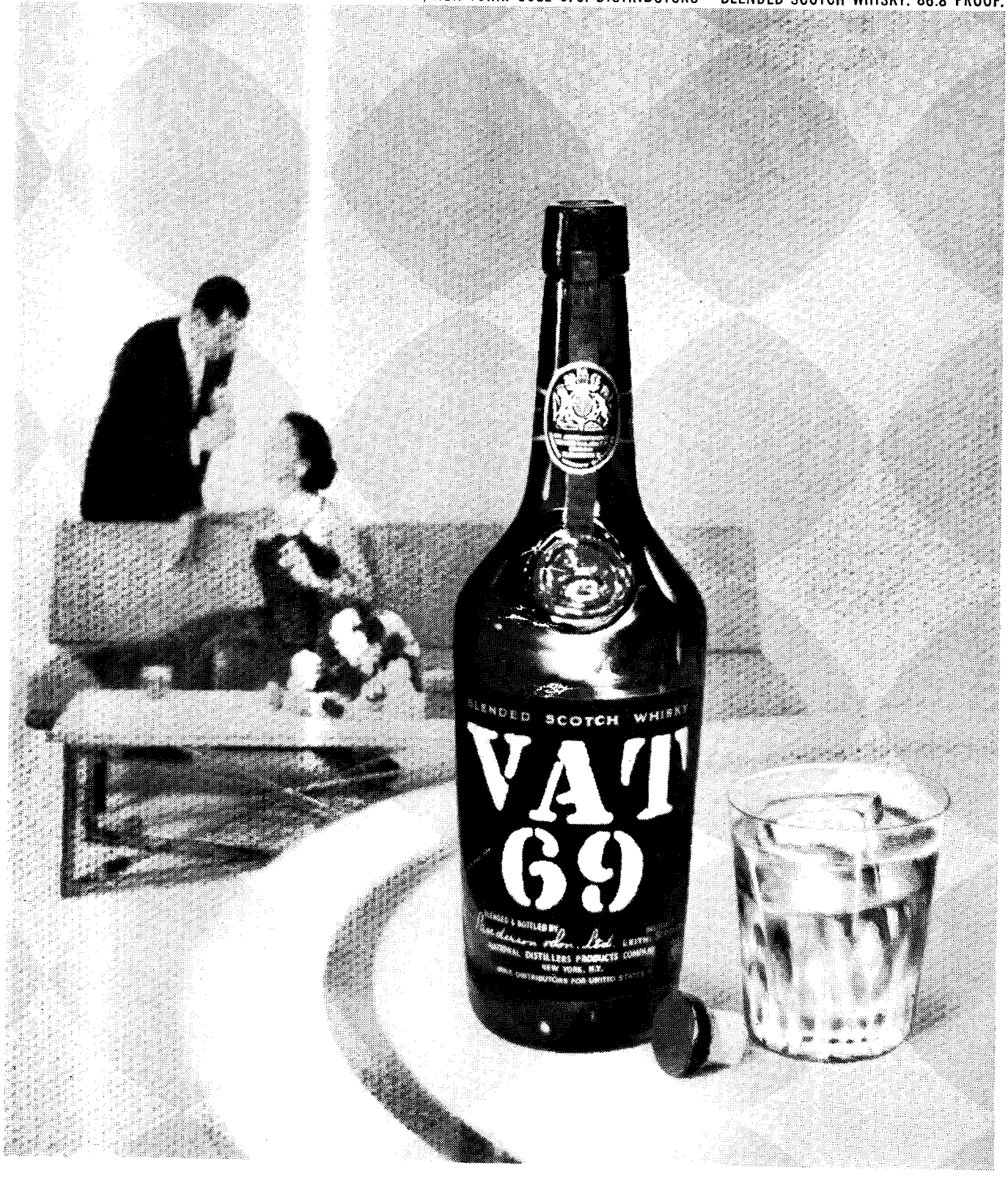

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Facts about this Film

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With Senator Thomas J. Dodd Representative Walter H. Judd, Senator Paul H. Douglas

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